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THE

# WHITE KNIGHT,

OR THE

# MONASTERY OF MORNE.

## A ROMANCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By THEODORE MELVILLE, Esq.

"Round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then, too, they say, through all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
Warn the devoted wretch." *Thomson.*

VOL. I.

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## TO THE READER,

*There were formerly three branches of the family of Fitz-Gerald, distinguished in Ireland by the titles of the* White Knight, *the* Knight of Kerry, *and the* Knight of Glynn. *The first, which I have chosen as the subject of the following pages, is now extinct; the second and the third still exist, and are represented by Gentlemen worthy of bearing such antient honours.*

*In wandering through the regions of romance, the writer is generally content to amuse the fancy, without the smallest regard to moral or probability. I have, however, endeavoured to connect fancy, moral,*

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*moral, and probability; and while a feast is spread for the imagination, I have not been inattentive to the amendment of the heart, inculcating this grand lesson, That an all-wise and all-merciful Providence directs and superintends all things; that good is often the result of evil; and that the virtuous mind should never despond, however severe its trials. I have also attempted to pourtray the charms of virtuous love, and disinterested friendship—the punishment of guilt—the evils which result from family feuds—the blessings of peace and harmony—and the rewards of constancy and virtue. How far I have succeeded, the reader must determine.—If I have failed, I must indulge a hope of being allowed the humble merit of a good intention.*

THE

# WHITE KNIGHT.

## CHAP. I.

" All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are ſpectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him." *Shaks.*

WHERE the dark Avonmore rolls its fertilizing stream through the rich bosom of the county of Cork, and on its right bank, are still to be seen the stately ruins of Glanville Castle; the once proud seat of the illustrious family of O'Calaghan.—The song of the bard was often heard in its now deserted hall, and the

shrill wind whistles through those mouldering galleries, which oft resounded with bursts of enthusiastic applause, as the light hand of the minstrel flew over the expressive strings, to the high achievements of their ancestors.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the castle, and its wide extended territory, was subject to Calaghan O'Calaghan, the chieftain of that antient and powerful clan—A man of a proud and ostentatious disposition; jealous of a rival's power; tenacious of his own rights and privileges; and vain of the dignified ancestry of which he boasted. To his dependents he was indulgent and generous; towards his enemies, persevering and persecuting; and to those who knew the weakness of his head, an easy passage

passage was open to his heart, by appealing to his vanity, the source of all his actions; which he often displayed in the most extravagant excess of shews, feasting, and revelry.

Glanville Castle was proudly perched on the awful brow of a stupendous clift, whose base was washed by the dusky waters of the Avonmore; its rear was an extensive range of battlements, enclosing a large court, and flanked with towers: its western aspect commanded a woody plain, where the eye was constantly arrested by the windings of the river, until the prospect was closed by that grand and interesting object, the venerable Mount Hillary, which spreads its broad back across the plain, and served at once as a bound and barrier to the domains

of Glanville; while towards the east the sullen stream rolled through a luxuriant vale, which might vie with the muse-recorded Tempe, where nature seemed profusely liberal of all her charms, and the raptured eye passed from hill to dale, from wood to water, until the distant turrets of the magnificent seat of the noble house of Desmond, flanked by the bleak and rugged mountain of Knockrawra, closed the scene on the delighted sight.—To the north and south, the landscape was rather contracted, as the uplands, which gently rose on either side, intercepted the view; at the same time that it afforded a shelter from the harsh and cutting blasts from those quarters.

The chieftain of Glanville had now completed his sixtieth year, the last eight

eight of which he had passed in dignified retirement, since the family vault had received the sacred remains of his amiable and much lamented lady.—His sole attention was now directed to his two children, the dear pledges of connubial bliss. Ella, his daughter, had been sent, on the death of her mother, to the convent of St. Hillary, of which a distant relation was the abbess; where she was to learn all those accomplishments necessary for one of her high birth, and which were esteemed essential to give true dignity to superior rank. Carbery, his son, was now advancing to the age of manhood, whilst his delighted father saw, with no small degree of pride and exultation, that the dignity of his antient house was likely to be represented by one worthy of that exalted honour.

He was, indeed, a youth of most promising character: to a person on whom the graces had been more than liberal, was added a noble spirit, tempered by a suavity of manners, and enriched with a benevolence of disposition, which rendered him at once dignified, interesting, and beloved.—He was the delight of his father's heart, and almost an object of adoration to the vassals of his family; at his approach, joy brightened every countenance, the cottage doors were flung open, and young and old ran out to see and bless their Carbery: he entered into all their pastimes, encouraged their innocent amusements, and distributed prizes to such as excelled in manly exercises.—He was himself the bright example, the bed of down, or indolence of affluence, he never suffered to

enervate

enervate his mind, or give languor to his limbs: the earliest dawn of morn saw him sweep the dews from the green tresses of the uplands, or dislodge the tusked boar from its deep covert.—In the literature of his age he was erudite, and judicious in the selection of his studies, as well as in applying the fruit of his researches to the uses of real life, and the comforts of all around him.

Among the neighbouring cottagers was a youth whose age corresponded with that of the heir of Glanville; he was the son of a venerable peasant named Randal; who, together with Rebecca, the aged partner of his life, placed all their hopes of happiness in the future destiny of their beloved boy, whose innate vigour of soul shone through

the gloom which surrounded him, and who, in the vale of obscurity, had distinguished his name among the rural throng, for superiority of mental endowments, as well as in feats of hardy exercise—For who could bend the bow, or hurl the spear, or fling the quoit, or vault the horse, or cut the wave, or gain the distant goal, like Allan?—The noble Carbery, whose presence was the honour and delight of the rural throng, soon saw and distinguished the merit of the graceful rustic, selecting him as the partner of his sports, his pursuits, and studies. By degrees this intimacy ripened into the most fixed and rooted friendship, which proceeded on the one hand from an admiration of the splendid talents, generous disposition, and genuine sensibility of soul which characterized Allan: while,

while, on the other hand, gratitude had established in his bosom a most zealous attachment to that noble youth, who raised him from the obscurity of humble life to be the friend of his bosom; unfolding all the precious stores of knowledge to his view, and pouring the bright beams of science on his soul.—Such were the disinterested acts of Carbery, who saw the many splendid qualities of which he was possessed, and whilst he determined to draw him forth from the gloom of ignorance, and baleful shade of poverty, he regretted the situation of many more, possessed, perhaps, of the most transcendent parts, who were doomed to pine in the lowest walks of rude society, unnoticed, and unknown!

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
" The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
" And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And if gratitude could in any degree compensate for the many and weighty obligations imposed on him, Allan's was a heart overflowing with the most warm acknowledgments, and the most feeling sense of the liberality of his friend—for,

" Not recollecting that a grateful mind,
" By owing, owes not,"

he imagined that his life would be but a trifling sacrifice to the interests or the happiness of his illustrious patron.

Lord Glanville, whose very existence was centered in his son, encouraged the generous attachment; and young Allan, having become an inmate of the castle, was treated with all the respect due to the friend of its illustrious heir: whilst the breast of old Randal was thrilled with ecstacy at the distinction with which his boy was honoured, and Rebecca began to raise

raise her head among her village acquaintances, proud of the consequence which it reflected on their cottage. And indeed Allan justified the hopes they entertained; for, the first use he made of his influence at the castle, was to obtain additional comforts for his aged parents; and he had the satisfaction of soon seeing their little fortune increase to a decent and respectable competency, placing them in a state of comparative affluence to that of their neighbours in the surrounding hamlets: nor did his own good fortune ever induce him to neglect the venerable pair, whom he visited almost daily, and to whom he was the source of every pleasure, as he was an object of the most idolizing affection. Nor was his exaltation a cause of envy, nor the obscurity of his birth a source of ridicule or disgust to the dependents

of Glanville; he had that happy facility of engaging the regards of all that knew him, and possessed, moreover, some irresistible peculiarity of person and manners, which commanded respect, while it insured esteem. In short, he was held in as high consideration as if he had been a branch of the illustrious family which patronized him.

CHAP.

## CHAP. II.

" From the loud camp retired and noisy court,
" In honourable ease and rural sport,
" The remnant of his days he safely past,
" Nor found they lagg'd too slow nor flew too fast:
" One child he had—a daughter chaste and fair,
" His age's comfort and his fortune's heir."

*Prior.*

" A little round fat oily man of God,
" Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry;
" He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
" And shone all glitt'ring with ungodly dew."

*Thomson.*

On the left bank of the Avonmore, and at the distance of a few miles from Glanville castle, stood the noble residence of Desmond. Its majestic ruins are still to be seen, and bear testimony to the grandeur of its former pro-

proprietors; and are, without exception, the most superb and striking remains of antiquity in that county, having an air of magnificence which strongly impresses the mind with ideas of the splendour of its former state, and of the times in which it flourished.

Here dwelt in honourable state the noble Desmond. He had served against the invading Danes with distinguished credit, and signalized himself in many a hard-fought battle; but now, having grown old in the wars of his country, was determined to spend the remainder of his life in retirement: where the same spirit which urged him to pass the prime of his life in pursuits of national advantages, impelled him to dedicate the years of a dignified old age to the hap-

happiness and comforts of his immediate vassals.

His only child, a daughter, was at once the pride, the solace, and yet the anxious care of his heart. He was now descending the path which leads to that "bourne" from which "no traveller returns," and one wish only prevailed at his heart; that he might see this darling of his affections happy in the bonds of connubial love, and secured from the rough blasts of adversity by an honourable and distinguished alliance: his fortune was to be her dower; and well he was aware that many, tempted by the golden bait, would offer up their vows where their hearts would not be interested. To guard against this evil, to secure his daughter's happiness and his

own

own dignity, were objects of his most earnest solicitude: to find one who could love her for herself alone, would secure the first; and to have that person of exalted rank, and of transcendent merit, would be the very ultimatum of his wishes.

The lovely Elinor, whose bosom was the residence of every virtue, as her person was the seat of every fascinating grace; though now expanding in the full luxuriance of maturing charms, seemed unconscious of their existence. Her education was elegant tho' simple, and the circuit of a few miles, and the circle of a few distinguished friends, was the limit of her excursions and the extent of her acquaintance.—Ignorant of the guilty world, and remote from the

busy

busy scene of all its ambitious projects and empty pageantries, she enjoyed in her native shades that composure of soul, and purity of heart, which are seldom found but in the vale of retirement: yet Elinor was not doomed to "waste her sweetness on the desert air." In the circle of her acquaintance she was revered—she was admired—hers was the praise and ecstatic feeling of benevolence, and in the obscure path of lowly life, hers was the delightful, the angelic occupation, of plucking away the thorn and strewing the humble way with flowers; whilst the countenance of industry, encouraged by her patronage, was diffused with smiles of sweet content; and the smiling sheaf of plenty displayed its golden treasures to the sun, while the barren thistle blazed in

many

many a heap, and gave place to the cheerful sources of existence.

Elinor was the pride, she was the guardian angel of the rural throng ; oft as she walked thro' those happy scenes of peace and innocence, would the little chubby rustics swarm from the hamlets, each ambitious of attracting her notice and sharing her smiles; whilst her bosom was thrill'd with inexpressible sensations at the many artless proofs of affection which they testified, in their grateful little offerings of a daffodil, a wild primrose, or a blue bell ; while one more fortunate than the rest, would conduct her with rapture to the delicious hoard of a bee's nest, which he had watched for her sake, and guarded from intrusion

intrusion with all the sedulous anxiety of a miser's care.

Such was the fair hope of Desmond—lovely as the first blushes of the morn, and amiable as lovely. In her mind the representation of each milder virtue was depicted in the most flattering colours; whilst to pride, selfishness, and want of sensibility, her imagination gave forms of the most hideous deformity; impressing her with a disgust of every meaner quality, and an enthusiastic admiration of all those actions which spring from the nobler and finer feelings of the soul.

In the family of Desmond was also an antiquated sister of the noble chieftain, named Theresa; in whom was combined an uncommon portion of family pride, an intolerable

tolerable share of vanity, and an excessive stock of superstitious bigotry.—She was above the middle size, of a thin and meagre figure, while, from out the shade of gloomy and ponderous brows, peeped forth a pair of grey eyes fringed round with red, which seemed to cast a sort of livid glare, on a sharp, pale, and wrinkled countenance. She was a constant attendant at the neighbouring monastery of Morne, and her confessor, father Ambrose, often assured her, that she had earned a crown of glory by the sacrifice of such transcendent charms, by living in the vale of retirement, and devoting her prime of life to the service of the church, when the most potent chief may be proud of her hand, and all the inviting avenues of worldly pomp and pleasure were thrown open to her.

To

To the ears of Theresa this was incense of the most gratifying nature; she wished to have it understood that she had declined the nuptial tie through motives of religion: the crafty priest well knew her foible, he was also acquainted with her riches and powerful patronage, and as the superior of the monastery was hastily declining towards his grave, his hopes of succeeding to that situation were principally founded on her interest and influence. To her, it may therefore be presumed, he paid the most adulating attention; and, by an appeal either to her vanity or affected zeal for religion, never failed to open her purse-strings when his occasions required it. He was the agent of her benevolence, and though the boon was claimed and granted in the name and

for

for the use of some object of compassion, it never erred in its progress to the holy father's own pocket, and for his immediate purposes.

During the absence of lord Desmond, in the wars of his country, Theresa had the entire direction of the castle; and by a system of œconomy, badly calculated to endear her to the domestics, and little suited to the dignity or inclination of the noble and liberal proprietor, had amassed a considerable sum; which, when added to her original fortune, rendered her an object worth the attention of one less politic than a designing priest. He was therefore seemingly devoted to her will, and unremitting in he practice of every art that tended to secure

secure his influence over her weak and credulous mind.

Elinor was often the companion of her aunt in her frequent visits to the monastery, to whose gay and cheerful disposition she had endeavoured to give a tincture of her own superstitious and gloomy bigotry: but Elinor, tho' young, was not devoid of judgment or penetration; the vile arts of Ambrose did not escape her notice; and whilst she lamented the weakness of her aunt, a good natural understandin secured her from the effects of so pernicious an example. In one of their excursions to the monastery, as they passed by the foot of the bleak and rugged Knockrawra, and the mountains of Mona were open to her view; the sound of the horn

horn re-echoed through the vale, and the hills resounded with the mellow cries of the wolf-dogs; at the same moment the persecuted savage darted across the plain, the fleet hounds pursued him, whilst the horses that conveyed the pious Theresa and her fair niece having on a sudden taken fright, rushed down a steep descent until an opposing mound arrested their career, and almost shivered the crazy vehicle in pieces; the horsemen now arrived, and having heard the shrieks of Theresa, some relinquished the chase to afford assistance, while others continued, regardless of the event, in full speed, attentive only to the object of their sport.

The accident was not attended with all the bad consequences which might have

have been expected: Theresa had indeed received a violent contusion in her head and shoulder, while Elinor, by the agitation of her spirits, was thrown into violent hysterics. A courier having been dispatched to the neighbouring monastery, father Ambrose hurried to the scene of distress, with a quantity of cordials, nostrums, and restoratives. He was truly interested in the business; the danger of Theresa was connected with his dearest hopes, and made him forget the grave and solemn step which he had assumed to give weight and dignity to his character; he arrived quite out of breath at the feet of the moaning Theresa, to whom, it may be unnecessary to observe, all his attention was directed.

Elinor's fit had by this time subsided into a calm tho' alarming state of insensibility; whilst the noble Carbery, with the most anxious and lively concern, knelt by her side, exerting every art to recall her wandering senses, and soothe her into composure; (for to his hounds the accident was owing.) He considered himself, tho' innocent, the unhappy cause of her sufferings; and as he gazed on the fair form and lovely countenance of his charming patient, the peculiarity of whose situation unavoidably exposed many fascinating graces which would otherwise have been concealed from his view, he felt his bosom affected by sensations unknown to him before, and which were as delightful as they were new—he found himself interested beyond the feelings

feelings of humanity, and could not mistake the nature of that subtile and tender flame, which, with electric swiftness, had taken possession of his heart.

Having at length procured a phial of volatile spirits from Ambrose, he applied it with such effect to the delicate temples and ivory forehead of Elinor, that she soon recovered, in a great measure, the natural composure of her mind; but, on lifting up her fine large blue eyes, which met the black, spirited, tho' now languishing ones of Carbery, through a timidity inherent in her nature, she recoiled, and shrunk back from his attentions; it was a situation *new* to her; her delicate sense of propriety was alarmed, and she called on her aunt

Carbery saw and felt her situation; he arose, and retired a few paces with a dignified, respectful, and yet tender air; and having assured her, in the most soothing accents, that her aunt was near, and recovering from the effects of her fright, asked her pardon in the most engaging manner, for the unforeseen misfortune which resulted from the sport he was engaged in; at the same time observing, that if fortunately she had sustained no injury, he hoped the accident might be remembered with pleasure, as the means of his introduction to the most fascinating and most interesting of her sex.

Elinor once more raised her captivating eyes; a modest blush, tempered by a smile of seraphic sweetness, overspread her animated countenance; she bowed

bowed her head in acknowledgment of his politeness, while, in a faltering accent, more dulcet and expressive than the most finished and studied articulation, she thanked him for his attention, and the kind assistance he had afforded her. She now could perceive that the person she addressed was graceful, manly, and interesting in the highest degree—her heart felt it—she, too, might hope to derive pleasur from the accident; but he was a stranger, placed perhaps by birth at too humble a distance from her to indulge her with a hope that it would be productive of even a second interview.

A carriage now drew nigh, in which was lord Desmond, who was apprised of the accident; and, hastening to the spot

arrived at the moment that father Ambrose's cordial began to operate in a favourable manner on Theresa: and the person, language, and address of Carbery had no less an effect on his lovely daughter; who having informed him of the polite attentions she had experienced from the graceful stranger; Desmond, who was naturally polite, expressed his acknowledgments in the warmest terms, and requested the favour of his address, that he might have the honour of numbering him among his friends. But he shrunk back with disgust at the name of Carbery O'Calaghan—he, however, dissembled a pleasure which he did not feel; and having again thanked the graceful youth, he with some difficulty placed the moaning Theresa in a corner of the carriage: Elinor soon followed,

having

having first cast an expressive look on Carbery, which did not escape her father's notice, who hastily entered the vehicle, bowed to the son of Glanville, and drove off.

The enamoured Carbery followed them with his eyes until the lofty Knockrawra interposed its bleak and rugged arms, and shut them from his view.

## CHAP. III.

" Love! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;
" 'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
" And human mis'ry must begin or end,
" As he becomes a tyrant or a friend."

*Prior.*

" In all the dewy landscape of the spring,
" In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,
" In Nature's fairest forms is aught so fair
" As virtuous friendship?"

*Akenside.*

" And man may justly tuneful strains admire;
" His soul is music, and his breast a lyre."

*Dryden.*

THE lovely Elinor was shut out from the sight, but not from the heart of Carbery, who, remounting his horse, turned towards Glanville castle with a pensive and melancholy air, which could not escape Allan, who began to rally him upon

upon the subject. But he was not much inclined to indulge the sportive vivacity of his companion: "Cease, Allan," he exclaimed, "this merriment ill accords with the present state of my feelings—I was going to say, with the sympathy of friendship."

"You was going to say a very ill-natured thing then," said Allan; "nor do I perceive the least occasion for all this sullen gloom which envelopes you: if the sight of a fine girl can be productive of such dismal effects, I have only to say, with all the fervour of my soul, From such sights good Lord deliver me!"

"My friend," replied the desponding Carbery, "I should esteem the adven-

ture of this day the most propitious of my life; but there are some circumstances which throw a gloomy shade upon the prospect, which I am confident can never be removed: you are already acquainted with the deadly enmity which has been hereditary between our rival houses; perceived you not how the stern father of that angel shrunk back with horror at the mention of my name?—Mine would be equally averse to any connection with his rival; what then are my hopes of happiness? I much fear the adventure of this day will prove a source of calamity."

"For shame then to indulge a thought on the subject!" said Allan; "surely the seeds of passion could not have taken such

such deep root in your breast, in so short a time, and from so transient an interview, but reason and a manly spirit may eradicate it. I wish most earnestly that you may for ever banish a remembrance of it from your mind, and believe me it will require but a feeble effort."

"You are much mistaken," replied Carbery; "we cannot with all our boasted reason, resist the sudden impulses of the heart: man is a vain animal, fond of presuming on his own strength, until some incident, seemingly of a trivial nature, on a sudden overthrows the pillar of his greatness, and too feelingly convinces him of his real weakness. Human nature will be human nature still, dress it up in any form or with

any ornaments you please. Could you but look into the hearts of the most celebrated philosophers, and view the secret springs by which they were actuated, you would soon perceive, that every action, so much extolled, and apparently so excellent, has its source in human nature, and in human frailty. You would find the love of fame, the desire of singularity, the indulgence of some solitary enjoyment, or the concealment of some natural defect, to be the occult basis of every sentiment and every act; which, though seemingly a privation, is in reality a luxury:—for they esteem it so; and it is unnecessary to mention, that every thing is valuable according to the estimation it obtains in the mind of him interested, and the pleasure he derives from it."

"I

"I wish then," said Allan with a smile, "you could derive a pleasure from a privation I should readily recommend to you, and give it a valuable estimation in your mind."—

"And what is that?" asked Carbery.

"A privation of thought on the subject we have just discussed," replied Allan.—

"As yet, my friend," said the love-striken youth, "your heart is a stranger to those tender sensations of which I well know it is susceptible: you know not how soon you may subscribe to my sentiments; and when you do, I assure you the suggestions of friendship, and vain precepts of philosophy, will prove ineffectual

fectual in attempting to remove those feelings which you now make a jest of."

Allan perceived that it would be fruitless to combat against such methodized arguments, and so decided an opinion.—He therefore proceeded in silence, nor once interrupted the amorous meditations of his friend until they reached the castle.

The rest of the gentlemen, having returned from the chase, were not sparing of their jests upon our friends, for relinquishing it for better game, as they termed it; the old chieftain wished to know the particulars of the adventure, which his son as sedulously avoided the recital of; mentioning, with affected indifference,

difference, that the hounds had occasioned an accident to two ladies who were strangers to him, and that he thought it incumbent on him to afford them every assistance in his power.

"Certainly," said his father; and the conversation happily took another turn.

The banquet hour was now announced; the board was loaded with a profusion of the most exquisite viands; the guests took their seats; and festive joy pervaded every bosom, save that of Carbery, in whose mind the fair form of Elinor still seemed to float, as in a vision of delight, whilst an alloy was sometimes obtruded on the scene, by the scowling and forbidding visage of her father.—The massive goblet was now sent round with brisk hilarity, and as the mellowing draught

draught prevailed, the song of the Bard was called for.

The harp was now heard in the lofty hall, and the venerable minstrel accompanied its sweet sounds with his impressive voice.—Repeated bursts of applause, with enthusiastic emotions, interrupted the vivifying strain—for the noble deeds of their ancestors were the subjects on which he dwelt with rapture.

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THE

## SONG OF THE BARD.

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BATTLE.

FILL high the bowl, ye sons of Fame,
And pledge the mighty Rod'rick's name,
Who led his warriors, brave and bold,
To meet those northern tribes of old;

That

That cross'd the main with giant stride,
On Mona's hills to spread their banners wide.

The golden harp on Mona's height,
Now stream'd to the astonish'd sight:
Nor floated long that flag in vain,
What war-like chieftains crowd the plain!
Whilst Rod'rick leads the bright array,
The foe is struck with horror and dismay.

Fill high the bowl—the goblet raise,
And drink to noble Thoscar's praise:
His spear had death's unerring aim,
And terror robed his mighty name;
The Danish host appall'd, retir'd,
Where Thoscar deeds of deathless fame inspir'd.

Where'er his arms were seen to glare,
The fiercest of the fight was there;
Where'er his sable plumes were seen,
The purple current dyed the green:
Before his buckler's beamy light,
The horror-stricken foe was put to flight.

Thy deeds of glory, Con, were great,
When in the battle's murd'rous heat,

Thy

Thy rage, resistless as a storm,
Mock'd death enrobed in varying form:
Norwegian Thor, from Odin sprung,
Prostrate by thee, his brazen armour rung.

When gloomy Irbald aim'd his dart
With ruthless rage at Rod'rick's heart;
He met his fate from Sulvan Roe,
Well skill'd to bend the stubborn bow:
On the wild heath the warrior lies,
To northern shores th' indignant spirit flies;

O, great in battle was thy pow'r,
Conway, of war the strength and tow'r!
Of Erin's sons the pride and boast,
Before thee fled the Danish host;
With blasted hopes, unfurl'd their sails,
And sought from Erin's wrath the fav'ring gales.

Then fill the goblet, sons of Fame,
Fill high to each distinguish'd name;
While such heroic deeds inspire
Each chief to emulate his sire;
On Mona's hills our harp shall wave,
And Erin prove the rash invader's grave.

The

The bursts of applause now resounded through the spacious hall, each bosom heaved with noble ardour; each wished for their foes to present themselves, and deplored the inglorious ease to which a long interval of peace had doomed them. The minstrel saw the stormy passions rise; he checked their rage with his persuasive strings; the sports of the field were the subject of his song, and delighted attention was depicted in the countenances of his auditors.

## SONG OF THE BARD.

### THE CHASE.

Ivar was a huntsman bold,
Steel'd 'gainst the northern blasts so cold;
Ivar loved, at early morn,
To hear the mellow noted horn:

His

His willow bow was strong—and true
His iron-pointed spear of yew.
He loved to hear the wolf-dogs cry;
He loved to see the roe-buck fly
Wide o'er the heath, and urge in vain
His strength and speed the copse to gain;
When fainter grown, he pants for breath,
Ivar rejoices in his death.

The mist-clad morn oft saw him wake,
To seek the wild hills bare and bleak;
From mist-clad morn to eve so grey,
With ceaseless toil he urged his prey:
'Till late upon some clift's dread steep,
He'd lull his weary limbs to sleep.

One day as Ivar urged the boar,
It rush'd from Avon's silv'ry shore,
A refuge 'midst the waves to find,
Press'd by the fate that tugg'd behind;
Th' impetuous youth, too, sought the wave,
But there the huntsman found his grave.

Oft 'neath the waining moon's pale ray
The sportsman lost in wilds would stray,
But Ivar's friendly ghost is seen,
Pointing his steps across the green:
Where yon four stones their greyheads raise
You 'll read the mead of Ivar's praise.

Loud

Loud and reiterated were the plaudits of the festive throng; the chase was the subject of delight: each told some feat of hardy enterprize; numbered the tusks of the boar, the spoils of the wolf, and the branching honours of the stag, which adorned the proud hall of his castle—proofs of his intrepidity.—All seemed animated with the subject, save the enamoured son of Glanville, whose unusual taciturnity, and pensive deportment, did not pass unnoticed by many, and was particularly observed by, and a source of the most anxious solicitude to Allan.

The harp was again resumed, which the bard, desirous of instilling sensations of the softer kind, touched, with exquisite feeling, and with a magical effect, to the sense-subduing, soul-dissolving notes of Love.—

## SONG OF THE BARD.

### LOVE.

In Cytherea's fragrant isle,
Where myrtle groves perpetual bloom,
And flow'rs diffuse each soft perfume,
The infant Love first deign'd to smile:
The happy mother view'd the boy,
Fruit of raptures—source of joy!
And as the babe she fondly press'd,
What strange sensations thrill'd her breast!

The Muses came to view the child,
They praise him—they admire:
Just then the wily urchin smiled,
What soft desire ——!
Thro' all their veins with sudden start,
Pervade each passage to the heart,
With trembling hands the lyre they string,
And strive on usual themes to sing;
But vain their ceaseless efforts prove,
The tender chords revibrate—Love!

I know thee, Love—I feel thee *here*,
A strange, untoward guest;
Else whence each trembling hope—each fear
That cheers or chills my breast?

Hence, hence—repair to Beauty's eye,
Or on its bosom bask,
And there perform thy wayward task,
And let thine arrows fly—
Ah stay, relentless, stay thy hand,
The cruel sport forego—
Nor hid in smiles or dimples bland
Dispense unerring woe.
For tears will start—
And anxious doubts distract the palpitating heart.
And flatt'ring hope will sometimes smile,
And promise beds of flowers,
In myrtle bowers,
Where tender sighs,
And speaking eyes,
Shall happy ling'ring hours beguile.

Thou Sovereign of the heart—
Thou Tyrant of the mind—
Recall—recall thy fatal dart,
Thy magic chains unbind.
Alas! tis vain,
For ceaseless pain,
And anxious fears inflame the breast;
No prospect cheers,
But soul-wrung tears,
Prompt the forbidden thought—and point to rest.

For who can tell the pangs he proves,
Who loves, and yet despairing loves?
I see him pensive and forlorn,
Swell the burthen'd gales with sighing;
Now, by the murm'ring streamlet mourn,
Now frantic o'er the bleak hills flying—
Now on flinty couch reclin'd,
Sorrow shares his dismal bed;
Fev'rish visions haunt his mind,
And the wild heath supports his sickly head.
Now in vales sequester'd low,
I hear him pour his plaint of woe,
Or cheerless to the threat'ning clifts complain,
Ah! unheeding of his pain.—
So felt of old the love-lorn maid,
When she the dread attempt essay'd,
From high Leucates steep:
So felt—when her last hymn she sung,
Phaon still trembling on her tongue,
And view'd the treach'rous deep.
Wild the frantic Lesbian flew,
Far her tuneful shell she threw,
On the dizzy summit stood,
And headlong plung'd into the whelming flood.

But change the strain to notes of pleasure,
Let soft raptures breathe awhile,
And ev'ry breast confess the smile,
Of love—requited love, a boundless treasure!

As

As when the conq'ring hero prest
The lovely Thais to his breast,
And all his peers in battle famed,
Timotheus—lord of magic sounds proclaimed,
Begin the song with Jove,
That pow'r of pow'rs most high;
Prostrate he bends to love,
And woman's heav'nly eye.
Ah see—he quits his empire of the sky;
And in a swan's white plumage dress'd,
Steals to fair Leda's snowy breast,
And in a wild excess of joy,
Gives Greece her pride and curse—her bane to Troy.

And see the God—what will not love perform?
Change to a beauteous bull his heavenly form!
Europa mounts his back with pride elate,
Proud of his precious freight—
With love the God disguised now burns,
Insidious to the shore he turns,
And plunging 'midst the white-wing'd waves,
Far, far behind the surge-worn coast he laves.
She turns her eyes in vain,
Swift o'er the sounding main,
He bears his lovely prize away;—
Till on the Cretan shore confest,
A God—he clasp'd her to his breast,
And in ecstatic trances died away.

But who can trace the God in all love's wiles?
When all his soul confest the Paphian power,
In gold array'd to break thro' brazen tiles,
And kiss fair Danaë in the shower.
Or when to fair Alcmena's waist,
He twined in am'rous haste;
Or to Olympia's bosom stole,
By passion urged for to assail,
Her fort of love in serpent's coat of mail,
And breathe into her breast his own heroic soul.
In vain did Juno's spies,
And Argus' watchful eyes,
With constant, vain alarms:
Oppose his lordly will,
For love was victor still,
And gave him all the blooming Io's charms.

Alas! and must I sing,
The sovereign of the lyre?
What woes unnumber'd spring,
From vain desire—
Nor music's powers divine could then prevail,
The ice which bound her frozen breast to thaw:
Far off impell'd by some resistless awe,
Like a wild fawn she flies before the gale.
Ah what could then his tuneful arts avail?
In vain he sues,
In vain the God pursues,

'Till

'Till breathless in the swift-winged race,
Transform'd, she bloom'd a laurel round the
place.

Hence cruel Daphne, sprung from thee,
The laurel is Apollo's tree;
The bright reward of tuneful sound.
Thy sacred well-earned branch proclaims
The victor in th' Olympic games,
And Heroes feel like Gods with laurel crown'd.

The hand of the minstrel had now ceased, but the effects of the strain were still felt in every bosom; the old chieftain was heard to sigh, but it was for long past pleasures, which, when thus awoke in his breast, were attended by a train of the most endearing recollections. But the heart of Carbery was agitated by sensations at once tender and tumultuous; the lovely Elinor was ever present to his imagination's enamoured view—her look of dignified simplicity, the languor of her eyes in the moment of

distress, and their brilliancy when reviving nature recalled to her face each fascinating charm—the soft heavings of her snow-white bosom—the timidity of her looks, when first she raised her animated countenance, and shrunk from the attentions of a stranger—her artless expressions of gratitude—all, all were subjects which memory retained with the fondness and enthusiasm, yet with all the pleasure and anxiety, hope and fear, attendant on the dawn of an infant passion. For, he was too well convinced, that, before he could obtain the ultimatum of his wishes, prejudices of long and rancorous growth should be eradicated, and many difficulties encountered. From this train of meditation he was awoke by the noise of the guests arising from the table; for the grey eye of the morn had peeped in upon their revels.

He

He departed with the rest, and sought his chamber, to give a more undisturbed scope to his enamoured imagination.

Elinor, on her arrival at Desmond Castle, retired to her chamber; and having reclined on the couch, the adventure of the day solely occupied her mind.—Her bosom, which was hitherto the residence of peace, was now usurped by strange and anxious emotions. She was not so yesterday, she was not so to-day, when the early beams of the morning shone in upon her. There was a sudden revolution, not only in her mind, but in her whole frame. She turned—she trembled—she blushed—yet knew not why! And yet, what vision of delight is this which presents itself to her enraptured view? his air—his accent, his

tender elegance of address, his generous solicitude for her safety, which his eyes so well expressed, convinced her she need not trace the cause of her emotions to any very remote source. Such was the state of her mind when the dinner-bell summoned her to the banqueting-room: she hastily adjusted her dress, and with reluctance left her apartment, for she dreaded, yet knew not why, to meet those friends, the presence and conversation of whom was so late, so very late her chiefest pleasure.

To the banquet succeeded in due time the hour of repose: she retired, but not to rest; sleep, which was wont to shadow her pillow with his silken wings, had flown; while anxious cares and feverish solicitude succeeded. The

vision

vision of love, in glowing colours, still occupied her whole mind; but in vain did she essay to think on other scenes, or argue herself into a conviction that her disquietude arose from the agitation of her spirits, occasioned by the danger which she had experienced in the accident of the morning. But the accident of the morning was attended with recollections and impressions which all her efforts could neither expel nor erase: in this mood she passed the weary hours of night, until the Morn, in her russet mantle, appeared, and perceived a visible alteration in her countenance; where pallid languor had usurped the favourite seat of the rose, and melancholy sat upon that brow which was hitherto enlivened by emotions of pleasure and of innocence.

## CHAP. IV.

" The image of a wicked heinous fault
" Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
" Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast,
" And I do fearfully believe 'tis done."

" Seeming devotion does but gild the knave,
" That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave."

*Waller.*

Not far from the seat of Desmond stood the castle of Dromore, the seat of one of the branches of the Geraldines: it was situated on a proud eminence, commanding an extensive range of territory, but, from its elevated scite, exposed to the winds from all quarters, which rendered it bleak and dreary.

Its present proprietor had a disposition in unison with the situation of his castle:

castle: his aspect was severe and lowering; his mind gloomy and suspicious; his person was the index of his mind: haughtiness and cruelty were united to meanness and cowardice; and, from an affectation of loftiness, though in reality from guilty fear, his person was as difficult of access as his dreary mansion. — He succeeded to the title and estate on the death of his brother.—The sudden death of that brother, his hasty interment, and the unknown fate of an infant son, whispered to the suspicions of the whole country, that his successor had perpetrated a deadly deed.—No proof of guilt, however, came home to him, and Gerald reigned more in the fear than in the love of his dependents.

At the foot of the hill, and at a small

distance from the castle of Dromore, stood the monastery of Morne, whither the pious Theresa was accustomed to repair for spiritual consolation: and as there existed an intimacy between the haughty Gerald and the pious fraternity, he had often an opportunity of seeing the lovely Elinor attend her aunt to the monastery.—He saw her, and the natural consequence of seeing so perfect a model of angelic beauty was admiration. But Gerald went still further, for the first time he felt emotions of the softer kind,—he fancied that he loved; I say fancied—for surely so refined a passion as love could not reside in the breast of the gloomy chieftain of Dromore, whose every thought was intent on rapine, and on acts of deceit and tyranny. He was nevertheless well con-

vinced, that, at his time of life, having nearly approached the grand climacteric, with a person by no means befriended by the graces, he would have a task of no trivial magnitude to accomplish, in rendering himself agreeable to so young and so fair a lady: he had however a determined and subtile mind, and was persuaded that stratagem and perseverance in general surmounted all difficulties. He was, therefore, not negligent in the exertion of those arts of which he was perfect master; and, aware that the interest of the aunt would be a most favourable circumstance towards the prosecution of his design, he laid hold of every opportunity to engage her confidence, by the most assiduous attention, and most unremitting industry. As some of the pious brothers were for

the strongest reasons entirely devoted to his will, he made use of their influence, over her weak and credulous mind, to recommend himself to her particular favour.

By perseverance in such arts, and by the good offices of his pious friends, Gerald soon became an acknowledged favourite of the unsuspecting Theresa. He never neglected an opportunity of meeting her in her frequent visits to the monastery, though without the appearance of design. He sometimes prevailed upon her to partake of some refreshments at his adjacent castle, and, as Elinor of course accompanied her aunt, he had the pleasure of seeing her under that roof where ambition as well as passion throbbed to see her preside. Elinor did

did not like the dreary mansion nor the gloomy looks of its lord, which all his efforts at complaisance could not enliven; and, by an unaccountable impulse, never entered it without sensations and emotions of dread, which Gerald construed into bashfulness, and which only served to add fuel to that flame which burned in his breast.

By repeated acts of politeness, Gerald succeeded in drawing on himself the attention of lord Desmond, with whom he was unacquainted, and who felt himself obliged to make some return for those attentions bestowed upon his sister and daughter. He therefore intimated to Theresa, the pleasure he should receive in seeing lord Gerald at Desmond castle. The invitation was eagerly communicated

cated by Theresa, and accepted with avidity by the chieftain of Dromore; who, perceiving, on her next visit to the monastery, that she came unattended by her niece, seized so favourable an opportunity, and requested permission to accompany her home on her return.

To a mind vain and weak in the extreme, this was incense of the most acceptable nature; and as she little doubted but her own person and accomplishments were the objects of his attention, with a sort of modest diffidence assumed on the occasion, she complied with his request;—whilst Gerald, who never imagined she possessed such notions, or so much misconceived his intentions, determined to reveal his passion for her niece, and, by reposing a confidence in her,

her, secure her interest to forward his views, and sanction his pretensions.

They were seated in the vehicle, which moved slowly from the monastery; and Theresa, intending to compliment her companion, observed, what a proud and majestic appearance the castle of Dromore (which was then in view) had; its founder, she added, must have been a chief of lofty sentiments, if we can judge of his mind by the elevated situation he selected for his residence. She then enlarged on the beauty of the prospect it on every side commanded, and observed, that it seemed to look down on all the surrounding domains as so many tributaries.

Gerald was proud, and this offering at

at the shrine of vanity, was far from being unacceptable. It also afforded him an opportunity of introducing the subject he had at heart, and heaving a sigh, "Alas, madam!" he exclaimed, "how much is the world mistaken in its general acceptation of things! To the eye of the casual passenger, the lord of stately towers, and extensive territory, seems blest, because surrounded with all the appearance of, though too often in reality a stranger to, happiness. Had I not an unbounded confidence in the goodness of your heart, I should hesitate to inform you, that within those walls which you admire, amidst those lawns on which the eye may dwell with rapture, the owner is a solitary being; whose situation is dreary and uncomfortable in the extreme, and whose heart is incapable

incapable of receiving pleasure from the luxuriant scenes which surround him."

Theresa already applied his words and his hints as bearing, in a delicate and distant degree, some relation to herself; she, however, wished to hear more distinctly the purport of his complaints, and barely observed, "It is indeed a pity, my lord; I never should have imagined the picture you just drew to be your own."

"It is to be lamented, madam, that the word pity is so often used, and the sensations so seldom felt."

A faint blush attempted to diffuse itself over the wrinkled countenance of Theresa.

He

He proceeded—"In yonder towers my hours hang heavily; there is no tender connexion to chear the wintry gloom, or partake of the sweets of spring; no face to enliven my board, save that of the parasite dependent. How different would be the complexion of my affairs, if I was possessed of a beloved and approved partner, to share with me the enjoyments of an exalted station! It may then be esteemed a blessing to be great; no charm of nature would be lost; no effect of art wanting to render the surrounding scenes compleat: but now, the gloom of solitude and dissatisfaction imparts its dismal tints to objects, in themselves, attractive and delightful."

Theresa felt confused, she no longer doubted the import of his complaints; she

she, however, affected an indifference she did not feel, and began coolly to philosophise on the subject. "Indeed, my lord," she replied, "it is generally the fault of our own wayward dispositions that renders us unhappy; we are too apt to despise those blessings which we possess, and to appreciate too highly those objects which we desire. For my own part, I think that a mind capable of restraining its passions, can depend on its own regulations, and be proof against the weakness of nature, or rough assaults of fortune. It may appear vain in me to say, (she added,) that I have had many splendid and important offers; yet I determined to devote that little share of beauty which Heaven had bestowed on me, to the sanctified shrine of chastity, and my heart to holy meditations."

Gerald

Gerald with difficulty restrained a smile, which never appeared upon his sallow countenance but as an attendant on malice, ridicule, or contempt.—"Your intentions, madam," he mildly answered, "will, I trust, meet with a reward worthy of them: but, though no person can have a greater veneration for the ordinances of our holy religion than myself, yet, I must confess, my sentiments on some points may differ from the general opinion. Life, madam, is short, and its fleeting enjoyments should rather be enlivened by what I conceive to be the true feelings of devotion.—For when I cast my eyes around, and behold the manifold beauties of nature, which should convey pleasure to the sight, and delight to the heart, I cannot bring myself to imagine, that, in this flowery

flowery vale, man was doomed to walk the heir of sorrow; and, when the whole creation displays its fascinating invitations, to reject them, is to despise the benign donations of the Deity: the natural state of man is a state of society; he was not formed for himself, but for the world, and, without a connection with that world, he is an unprofitable being; and it would be impious to suppose that any thing was created in vain. I am, therefore, much against that system of seclusion and mortification which the Church recommends; and particularly that war against human nature, which renders it meritorious to waste the prime of life, the bloom of health and beauty, in the damp walls of a cloister, or in a life of celibacy."

Thus

Thus did he apply arguments, which seemed founded on a just sense of the goodness of the supreme Being, to cover the artful advances of a corrupt and vicious heart. For Gerald possessed, in a high degree, the power of arguing with great facility on any side, of any question, which he wished to render subservient to his own purposes; and sometimes reasoned aright, but never with a good intent: while the vain Theresa, who entirely mistook the tendency of his discourse, was charmed with his powers of elocution, and became a convert to his doctrine; (in truth, she acknowledged no other, except from necessity.) She certainly never listened to father Ambrose with so much pleasure; and observed with a smile, or rather a ghastly grin, (which, by contracting her wrinkles,

kles, rendered her face the representative of a withered mummy,) that his lordship's arguments were truly irresistible, and had once more recalled her views towards the world; adding, with an energetic squeeze of his hand, and an attempt at an ogle sufficient to frighten a vulture from its prey, that if any sin should be attached to her apostacy, on his head it ought to rest.

The vehicle now stood still at the portal of the castle, and Gerald handed out the antiquated lady, cursing internally the vanity of her misconceptions, which he now fully perceived. He was, however, convinced, that no good was to be done in that quarter; and began, on cooler reflection, to congratulate himself for not having urged his arguments more clearly

clearly to their object; for he saw that the vain misconception of the aunt, would be an unsurmountable obstacle to his design on her niece, if he ventured on an explanation: he therefore determined to let matters rest as they were for the present.

Elinor, who saw the coach glide up the avenue as she looked from the battlements, was soon down in the hall to receive her aunt, at the same time that she politely welcomed their visitor. The old chieftain of Desmond now joined them, and received his guest with that frank and noble warmth of hospitality which so eminently characterized him.

## CHAP. V.

" First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
" Pause, ponder, sift—not eager in the choice;
" Judge before friendship, then confide till death."

*Young.*

At Glanville castle all was festivity and joy; (save in the bosom of Carbery, where the eyes of Elinor had infixed a dart which all the efforts of reason could not extract:) for, at this period, Ella (who had been from infancy with a distant relation, the abbess of St. Hillary,) returned to the seat of her ancestors, in the bloom of youth, and full luxuriance of unrivaled charms; to which were united the advantages of a refined and

highly finished education: on so joyous an occasion, the lord of Glanville invited all the neighbouring chieftains with whom he was in amity, to a most splendid entertainment, which was to be rendered still more attractive by a tournament.

At this period Allan was absent on an embassy to O'Neil, the chieftain of Ulster, with whose illustrious house the lord of Glanville was desirous of forming an alliance, offensive and defensive. For in those days it was as common for the heads of clans to form connections of this nature, as it is for sovereigns to form leagues in our more polished period of society: and the policy was the same; as a wish to oppose the ambitious views of their neighbours, or the desire of self-

self-aggrandizement, were the motives which induced them to form such coalitions: nor was it an unnecessary policy, for the thirst of power and dominion, at that period, characterized the chieftains of Ireland; and as the weakness of some rendered them objects of avarice or ambition, it was the interest of such, to fortify themselves either by the union of petty clans, or an alliance with some potent neighbour to shield them from oppression.

The prince of Ulster was, at this period, one of the most powerful of the Irish chieftains; and it was an object of no trivial importance to lord Glanville to acquire his friendship. His very name was sufficient to render the rights of his friends respected, and his alliance a

guarantee against any manner of tyranny. With this view Allan was deputed to the Ultonian court, but he had difficulties to encounter which he was not aware of; for Carrol, the friend of Desmond, had arrived a few days previous to him, on a similar errand: and as a rooted enmity prevailed between the houses of Glanville and of Desmond, he saw the impossibility of crowning his diplomatic character with success, unless he could frustrate the views of his rival; convinced as he was, that the friend of one must be the enemy of the other: and though no person could more sincerely lament that unfortunate enmity which prevailed between the rival chieftains, yet he felt it to be his duty, without entering into the merits of the case, to forward the views of his patron by every means

means in his power, and to conform to the strict letter of his instructions.

Having arrived at the court of the Ultonian prince, he dispatched a herald with his name, and the banner of his chief. The guards of Ulster were immediately drawn out to receive him, while Carrol, from a balcony, witnessed, with no small degree of vexation, the formal entry of a rival embassy; the courts of the palace resounded with the swelling notes of martial music, as the banner of Glanville was suspended in the hall of O'Neil.—Allan delivered his credentials, and a flourish of drums and trumpets concluded the ceremony.

The chieftain of Ulster was, at this period, about the age of sixty years, of a

noble aspect, and a form which retained the outlines of a graceful and engaging youth; his disposition, though proud and vindictive towards his enemies, was warm and sincere towards his friends; his court was the asylum of the oppressed, as well as the favourite seat of hospitality.—The songs of mirth resounded in his hall, and the cup of festive hilarity gaily circled 'round his board. His only son, the lord Tyrone, was then in the thirty-second year of his age; a plain figure, possessed of graceful and insinuating manners, but of a disposition subtile in the extreme: seemingly of a gentle and forgiving temper, capable of concealing resentment; but secretly persevering and persecuting in the pursuit of revenge. To him Allan was introduced, and, by his

engaging

engaging address, soon rendered himself a favourite. Carrol was a man of deep penetration, and soon perceived that the heir of Ulster was much taken with the youth and pleasing qualities of his rival; and to prevent the bad effects of that influence which he was acquiring over the young chieftain, he determined to urge a speedy termination of the object of his mission, and accordingly he pressed for a categorical answer.—A day was in consequence appointed to hear the claims of both candidates to the alliance of Ulster. The day arrived—the tributary chiefs attended in the great hall of the castle, and the prince being seated under a canopy of crimson and gold, with the insignia of sovereignty, and surrounded by his warriors and officers of state; while the venerable bard, in robes

of snow-white linen, touched the strings of the sacred harp, and accompanied it with his voice in a hymn to the Deity, imploring wisdom for their chief in council. The rival envoys were then introduced, each by a herald, proclaiming the titles of the chieftain whom he represented, and by a page bearing for each his respective banner. Silence was now proclaimed, and the prince of Ulster addressed the assembly in the following terms:

"My friends and warriors, I have assembled you here on a subject of no trivial moment. Maturely should a prince weigh the consequences of an alliance which may operate to the joy or sorrow of his subjects. You see before you the envoys of two illustrious chiefs,

each

each desirous of becoming our ally, but unfortunately an enmity of long standing exists between them, which renders it difficult to become the friend of the one, without offending the other; it is therefore my wish to hear the pretensions of both in your presence; that if I should be unable to determine in my own judgment, I may appeal to your votes, and stand acquitted of any consequences that may result from the decision."

He ceased, when Carrol rose, and thus addressed him:—

"Prince of Ulster,—friendship has ever been considered as a bond of the most sacred obligation, and the natural disposition of man has led him, from the

rude origin of society to the present moment, to form connections of this nature:—a connection, which has for its basis, fidelity, and for its object, mutual interests and mutual safety; depending on an union of sentiments, a reciprocity of good offices, and a firm adhesion to each other's fortunes. From individuals it spread to families, from families to states, and from states to empires; but the principle and motive were the same in all these gradations,—a compact for mutual advantage, which was ever considered sacred, and to violate which, has ever been esteemed a crime of the deepest turpitude. By this means the weak is rendered secure by the arm of the strong, and the powerful is rendered invincible by the auxiliary forces of its less potent allies united to its own strength; and

while

while the one acquires security, the other attains to dignity and beauty. Like the oak which supports and cherishes the ivy, and has in return its noble trunk enwove by the circling arms and ever verdant honours of its grateful dependent. I shall not deny, that the chieftain whom I have the honour to represent, is (in some degree), influenced by self-interest; but much more so by an admiration of your excellent qualities, and a firm reliance on your honour and generosity. The first motive will be excused when you recollect that he is old and feeble, and at the door of a potent enemy, whose envoy you also see before you: and should he pay the awful debt of nature, an orphan daughter, his only child, would be left exposed to the malice of his foe, unless fostered by the

guardian care of some chieftain, generous and powerful like yourself. So far I conceive his motives of policy are justifiable: next are to be considered his motives of personal regard,—he has fought by your side against the common foes of his country, and having often witnessed your valour and benevolence, has selected you as an object of friendship, from motives of affection and admiration." He ceased, and a murmur of applause crept along the crowded benches.

Allan now rose, and to the graces of a person on which nature had been profusely liberal, added a becoming diffidence which rendered him interesting to his auditors, while with a dignified air he thus simply expressed his sentiments:

"Most

"Most illustrious chief,—unaccustomed as I am to speak on matters of a public and important nature, and opposed to so much experience, I much fear I shall be rather an injury than advantage to the cause for which I am an advocate: after what has been so justly expressed by my opponent on the nature of an alliance, I shall not trespass on your time, convinced that every noble chief who hears me, is fully sensible that it is a compact of the most sacred obligation. But I shall beg leave to claim your attention to the motives which induce my chieftain to seek your distinguished alliance, and flatter myself, that I can prove him to be actuated by feelings more consonant to every generous and refined sentiment of the soul, than those alledged by my venerable opponent.

ponent. And first, I disclaim any motives of self-interest on the part of my lord; *his* spring from a pure and honourable regard, which seeks what is dearest to the noble mind, the fame and the glory which may be attached to the united arms and united efforts of Glanville and of O'Neil:—not in oppression, but in redressing the oppressed; in support of honour, of military virtue, and the defence of their common country. Such are the pure motives, before which self-interest, abashed, must hide its head: and on such I urge the claim of my patron to your alliance; he seeks it as a matter of honour, not of necessity."

Having ended his speech, and resumed his seat, the chieftain of Ulster declared his inability to decide, and appealed to his

his warriors; and first, his son Tyrone, declared for Glanville, whose motives he esteemed the most disinterested: various opinions followed, and at length it was determined by the old chieftain to enter into alliance with neither of the parties; but, if possible, to cultivate the good opinion of both, unless some wanton aggression on the part of the more powerful, would at any time call upon him to succour the persecuted: he therefore recommended to the envoys, to advise their respective chiefs to measures of moderation and liberality. So the convention was dissolved to the satisfaction of all, as neither obtained the object of his mission, and consequently could not triumph over his opponent.

Allan

Allan was now preparing to return, satisfied at least in frustrating the views of Desmond; when a courier arrived, informing him of the arrival of Ella at Glanville castle, and of the splendid preparations which were making for the approaching fête. He communicated this intelligence to the lord Tyrone, who requested permission of the chieftain, his father, to be present at the entertainment; which having obtained, he set off with Allan for Glanville, attended by a numerous and brilliant retinue.

## CHAP. VI.

" Love 's an heroic passion which can find
" No room in any base degen'rate mind.

*Dryden.*

" Man's heart th' Almighty to the future sets,
" By secret and inviolable springs;
" And makes his hope, his sublunary joy.

*Young.*

ALLAN, who had never yet seen Ella, pushed forward with the utmost expedition, picturing to himself the pleasure he would feel on an introduction to the fair daughter of his chieftain, and the sister of his friend. Alas! little did he then imagine, that it would be an interview fatal to his peace, and the source of a long tissue of misfortunes and sufferings.

ferings. Having arrived at Glanville, and given an account of his embassy, he requested permission to introduce the heir of Ulster, and the next day was appointed for that purpose: meantime he flew to meet his friend Carbery, whom he found in his study, in an attitude expressive of a fixed state of despondence; his head was reclined on his hand, which rested on a copy of Ossian's poems, whilst his eyes seemed fixed on vacuity, so intense were his meditations, that he did not perceive the intrusion of Allan, until a smart tap on the shoulder awoke him from his lethargic reverie. "What, my friend," exclaimed Allan, "is it thus I find you, with an air of melancholy, which I fear may prove contageous; has the gentle Elinor yet possession of your heart, or has she, as I

suspect,

suspect, been supplanted by a legion of blue devils?

Carbery grasped his hand with the warmth of friendship, and assuming a smile, "Still Allan," (said he,) "you are the same gay and volatile creature; I was in hopes that some of the fair belles of Ulster would make you subscribe to my sentiments: but I have to inform you of some interesting events which have occurred since your departure; at present, however, I must postpone it; nor can I delay any longer, the pleasure of introducing you to my sister."

Allan bowed and followed, but his heart, which seemed to presage future emotions, beat with unusual irregularity

as

as he was conducted towards a saloon; on approaching which, his steps were arrested, and his senses charmed by a most seraphic voice, accompanying the following stanzas, with the most exquisite touches on the harp:—

O Friendship I have felt thy power
Trill ev'ry vein that warms my heart:
Thy presence gladdens ev'ry hour,
But Oh, what pains! what pangs to part!

O Friendship! thou art sure a treasure
Which vulgar souls can never know:
Thy ev'ry look imparts new pleasure;
Thy ev'ry word can banish woe.

But what art thou, as yet a stranger
O Love! to my young breast unknown!
Thro' all the world a lawless ranger,
Yet thou canst claim the world thine own.

I'm told thou hast both joy and anguish,
Beyond mild friendship's soft controul:
I long in all thy dreams to languish,
O take possession of my soul!

Much as Allan had heard of the lovely Ella, he now perceived the voice of fame had been too weak, and even the powers of his own luxuriant and romantic imagination too languid, to depict those charms which seemed to realize the dreams of poetic fancy, and to present an angel to his raptured view, just descended from the ethereal regions of immortality. She was of the middle stature; her eyes were black, but of a tint so expressive, that no artist could come near the original in imitative science: her auburn locks flowed in irregular ringlets adown her ivory neck; her forehead was exquisitely delicate and dignified; her nose a little inclined to the aquiline; her mouth small, and her lips like the luxuriant folds of a rich coral; her whole form was striking and

interesting

interesting in the highest degree; and Allan, whilst he gazed on her with emotions of ecstacy, respect, and admiration, heaved a sigh which whispered to his feelings, that he should soon do penance for his thoughtless raillery at the situation of his friend, which sympathy now taught him to respect. After a short visit, in which Ella was particularly struck with the fine figure, expressive countenance, and elegantly interesting address of Allan; they parted to prepare for the banquet hour which was approaching.

The banquet hour arrived, but Ella looked in vain for Allan; he dined with his friend Tyrone in private, as he was not yet publicly introduced, he could not, according to the rules of established etiquette,

etiquette, appear at the table of the chieftain of Glanville: Carbery was one of the little party, and found himself relieved, in some degree, from the cares which oppressed him, by the vivacity of his guest of Ulster, and the presence of his friend. The hours rolled on in festive hilarity, until the castle bell announced the midnight watch. Tyrone rose from his seat, and was conducted to his chamber, whilst Carbery detained his friend, to whom, when all the attendants had retired, he thus addressed himself:

"After your departure to the court of Ulster, I found myself solitary indeed; the image of my adored Elinor was ever present to the eye of an enamoured imagination, and I frequently awoke from

from those visions of delight in which I too fondly indulged myself, to a sharp feeling of disappointment, and to a full sense of the foolish though invincible attachment and solicitude of a heart, which expelled reason, and had now no friendly bosom to which it could confide or communicate its sorrows. In this mood I strayed one evening, until I approached, without design, the walls of Desmond castle: those walls which contained the object of my heart's warm adoration. I was aware of my person being known to its lord, since the accident which first introduced me to his fair daughter, and I was apprehensive lest I should be recognized near a place where my presence would create alarm; yet, to be so near the idol of my affections, and not see her, was what my warm disposition

sition could not calmly submit to; I well knew the power of that all conquering metal, which can penetrate through adamantine barriers, and was determined to avail myself of its influence with some of the domestics, in endeavouring to convey some of those tender sentiments with which my bosom was surcharged, to the beloved object which inspired them. Love, however, seemed to favour my intent, without any secondary interposition, for, as I with seeming negligence surveyed the castle, and perambulated its obdurate walls, I perceived a postern gate left a-jar, and, on approaching it with cautious steps, perceived it was the entrance to some pleasure grounds, over which, having flung my sight with inquiring avidity, I beheld—O fascinating prospect! the lovely Elinor herself, reclined

in an arbour. My eyes were riveted to the sacred spot, and I stood in speechless ecstacy, contemplating her form of matchless symmetry; at length, I determined to seize the golden opportunity, and having first explored all the avenues with a jealous eye, with trembling steps I approached her, and threw myself at her feet:—but, on perceiving that the angelic girl was in the downy arms of sleep, and recollecting my situation, and the alarm in which she was likely to be thrown on awaking, and seeing me unexpectedly in such a posture; I determined to adopt more prudential measures, and having taken a pencil, inscribed on a tablet the following lines, inspired by the enthusiasm of the moment.

You gentle spirits of the air,
Or you that haunt the wood-land shade;
O! to this sacred spot repair,
And shield the lovely slumb'ring maid.

Haste—hither bring from Flora's bow'r,
To grace my fair one's soft repose;
Each breathing sweet, each opening flow'r—
The tulip, jessamin and rose.

Let happy dreams possess her mind,
And oh, should I the subject prove!
Let flatt'ring fancy then be kind,
And paint me worthy of her love.

CARBERY.

Having carefully deposited the tablet in the folds of her bosom, I retired, and concealed myself behind a clump of trees, where I had a full view of that sense-enslaving object. The shades of night had settled on the earth, and a solemn stillness reigned around, when the castle bell tolled, and the lovely girl

starting at the sound, awoke—Alarmed at the lateness of the hour, she hastily arose, when, in the effort, the tablet dropt from her bosom; at that moment, the moon having emerged from a sombre cloud, favoured the wish of my soul: I saw her take up the tablet; I saw her peruse it by its silvery beams—I saw her press it to her heart—Allan, my friend, she loves me!—I followed her with my enraptured eyes until her angel form disappeared, as she hastily retired towards the castle. I now directed my course to Glanville, and scarcely knew I arrived here, so much was my mind occupied by pleasing reveries on the way; I found, however, by the silence which prevailed, that the family had retired to rest, and as I had a key to the postern gate, I entered quietly, with the intention

intention of gaining my apartment without disturbing any of the domestics; but on entering, I found old Malcolm waiting up for me in the hall—he started at the grating of the hinges, and uttered an exclamation of, "In the name of God, what are you?"—Astonished at the question, and perceiving the poor old fellow horror-struck, I approached, and having caught hold of his hand—"What is the matter, Malcolm, why this terror?"—"Blessings on your sweet face! is it you?" (said he.) "O how glad I am to see you!"

"Still at a loss to account for the import of his words, "Pray, Malcolm, what has occasioned this alarm? was you apprehensive of any danger having befallen me?"

"Why in truth, my dear young master," (still trembling, he replied,) "I was, sure enough, in some sort of a fret about your honour, becase why—your honour never let a poor sarvant lose his natral rest afore—but howsomever, I be hugely glad your honour be's safe, for as I'm a christain soul, I never thought I'd see you agen; I thought that verily the fright would kill me."

"What fright old man?"

"Why in truth I is some bit afeared to tell your honor in this old, lonely, huge hall; but, oh! did'nt your honor hear nothing?"

"No," (said I,) "except the wind, which whistles along the battlements. Come,

Come, Malcolm, let us depart from this dreary hall, which is in your eyes so full of horrors; I suppose there is a comfortable fire in my apartment, perhaps you could there inform me, with more composure, of the adventure which so much occupies your attention."

" Half unwilling to go before, yet more so to walk behind, he preceded me in an oblique direction to my chamber, where, having ordered him to be seated, I collected the following particulars from his story, which at first I supposed to proceed from the effervescence of a heated imagination:

" He said, that having waited up for me in the great hall, as the clock toll'd one, he saw, by the light of his taper, a

figure in silver armour dart across the hall; and having ascended the staircase leading to your apartment in the western tower, he heard a door open, and shortly after, saw the same figure return, sighing, and uttering, in an accent of distress, "What has become of him?" He passed again through the hall, and casting a glance at the shivering Malcolm, disappeared towards the postern gate, a little before I entered; the poor old fellow was trembling with terror, and on hearing the noise I made when entering, concluded that it was a second visit from the ghost or white knight, as he termed it, which occasioned that alarm in which I found him. At first I was inclined to ascribe all to the force of imagination, which at that solitary hour, in so spacious a hall, where the feeble light of his taper

taper could shed but a sickly ray, had conjured up this phantom to his view; but on his repeating his story in a more collected manner, I was led to imagine all was not right at the castle, and that we were made the prey of midnight plunderers: so having enjoined Malcolm to strict silence on the subject, I determined to watch next night, and penetrate into the mystery.

"The next night I retired as usual to my chamber, and when the leaden sceptre of sleep lay heavy on the eye-lids of the whole family, I descended with cautious steps into the hall, where, having taken post beneath the pale beams of the moon, in a corner where I hoped to escape observation, I remained for some time in suspence and anxious expectation,

until the castle bell had tolled the midnight hour; when, on a sudden, I heard a noise towards the postern gate, and a tall figure, completely clad in white armour, stalked across the hall; I marked it by the moonlight which gleamed upon its arms, as it ascended the staircase which led to your apartment, I heard a door open, and soon saw it return, when it sighed heavily, and vanished towards the postern from my view.

"At first, I had determined to rush on it with my sword, but on recollecting that I could not be a match for a person in complete armour, prudence restrained me: the short stay which it made also convinced me that plunder could not be its motive; and its hollow and heavy sighs left me at a loss what to conjecture

on

on the occasion: my reason rejected any idea of supernatural agency, and yet the strange appearance of the figure, and its mysterious midnight visit, almost induced me to suppose it was not mortal. I blush when I confess to you, I was seized with an awe bordering on terror, and that the sound of any friendly voice would not then have been disagreeable to me: however, one circumstance I am assured of, both from Malcolm's story, and my own observations, that you was the object of its solicitude.

"It is strange indeed", said Allan; "but the morning is now breaking in upon us, let us retire to repose; we must inquire further into this affair."

Each retired to his apartment, indulg-

ing his reflections on the occasion. In the mind of Allan, thought succeeded thought, almost to infinity; but his conclusions served only to render his mind uneasy, for reason could not sanction any of the wild ideas which the circumstance gave birth to.

## CHAP. VII.

" What tho' the field be lost,
" All is not loſt! th' unconquerable will
" And ſtudy of revenge." *Milton.*

THE rosy fingers of the morn had drawn back the curtains of the East, disclosing the infant day to the rejoicing countenance of reviving nature; when the neighing of fiery steeds, the glare of armour, and the various plumage and devices of heroes emulous of fame, presented a splendid and noble spectacle on the level plain before the western towers of the castle.

The chieftain of Glanville had now risen, and partaking of his morning repast

paſt, was attended by his dependent chiefs and vassals to the great hall, where the heir of Ulster was to be introduced in form: and being seated in the hereditary chair, the folding doors were thrown open, an herald proclaimed his titles, and the young Tyrone was introduced in the following order, according to the custom of the times.

First, an herald bearing an olive branch as the symbol of peace, proclaimed Neil O'Neil of Ulster, chieftain of Tyrone. Next, were two pages bearing golden urns on a crimson cushion containing presents of immense value; next was the banner-bearer with the arms of Ulster: the young Lord followed, supported by the noble Carbery and graceful Allan; his robe was of purple and

and gold; on his head he wore a coronet richly ornamented with brilliants and snow-white plumes; he advanced towards the chair of state, took his coronet from his brow, knelt, and presented a letter of friendship from his illuſtrious sire. Glanville raised him by the hand, and received him in the most flattering manner; and the herald having hung up his banner in the hall, and proclaimed friendship between the two noble houses, the procession retired with the same formality, and each prepared for the approaching tournament.

The lovely Ella had been a witness of the ceremony from a gallery which overlooked the hall; but her eyes were inattentive to the gaudy scene, except what related

related to the manly grace and interesting form of Allan.

In a short time the plain was crowded with a gallant cavalcade, and whilst the chieftain and his angelic daughter, attended by the ladies of the court, and their attendants, took their seats in a balcony, which commanded a most extensive and delightful view, including the scene of action; a flourish of trumpets proclaimed, that the ground was clear, and that the combatants may enter.

The scene of action was an extensive area, on the banks of the Avonmore, and immediately under the western turrets of the castle, where the chieftain and

and his fair daughter were seated. On the north and south, the rising hills, covered with all the luxuriant verdure of the season, rose in varying shades, and diversified tints to the enraptured view; towards the east the winding of the river, with an extensive range of battlements, formed a large segment of a circle; whilst the western plain, bounded by the gigantic mount Hillary, gave a grand finish to one of the most noble amphitheatres that ever did honour to the exquisite hand of Nature, or the scientific aids of Art.

The lines were now enclosed, and the gates of the circus thrown open. The first that entered the lists, on a grey charger, was the son of Ulster; his armour was of burnished gold; his helm of the

the same metal, but polished and overshadowed with a profusion of snow white plumage; the device of his shield was a rising sun, and his motto, "I aspire."

At the opposite side of the circus entered a knight in sable armour; his raven plumes overhung his casque of polished steel; his steed was a jet black, and on his shield a sun overcast with clouds; his motto, "The colour of my fate."

The trumpet charge was now sounded, and each combatant having bowed to the balcony, the contest was commenced with spirit. The success was dubious, and each displayed the most admirable dexterity, united with a perfect knowledge of arms: at length the Prince of Ulster had nearly unhorsed his

his assailant by a furious charge, but the violence of his effort afforded his active adversary an opportunity of returning the salute with such swiftness, that the Ultonian, unable to resume his position or his guard, was thrown to the earth; and his courser having taken fright, darted furiously across the circus, and bounding over the barriers, scoured along the plain. The knight of the sable plume immediately alighted from his horse, and raising the discomfited chief, who seemed much disabled by his fall, he assisted him with polite attention to the bounds of the circus, where he was received by his attendants, and conducted to his apartments in the castle; muttering execrations against his unknown adversary, and overwhelmed with shame.

Six

Six candidates for fame were now successively introduced, and worsted by the sable hero; a seventh was preparing to enter, when the whole company with one voice called out for the retreat, unwilling to expose him, fatigued as he was, to the danger of a defeat. The retreat was sounded; he rode up to the balcony, received from the fair hand of the fascinating Ella, a purple sash, embroidered with gold, as the reward of victory; which having flung with graceful negligence across his shoulder, he made a respectful obeisance, and rode off amidst the applauding shouts of the spectators.

The charge was again sounded, and the noble Carbery entered the lists on a cream-coloured charger, which proudly pawed

pawed the ground; his armour was of fine-wrought silver, richly enamelled; his device, Hope on a rock, pointing to a star which shone among many with superior brilliancy; in the back ground was a heart transfixed; his motto, "Hope chears the way."

He was soon opposed by an unknown knight in green armour, with plumes of the same colour: on a crimson sash was embroidered in characters of gold, the name of "Elinor of Desmond;" on his shield was depicted an hymen at the altar with his lighted torch; his motto, "Who dares dispute my claim?"

Ardent as the bosom of Carbery was to signalize himself before the appearance of his opponent, yet how far short did

did it come of those emotions which now shook his frame, or that enthusiasm with which he panted for the contest, on perceiving that his love and his honour were equally concerned. He had now before him, perhaps, a dangerous rival, and, in the anticipated triumph of his soul, he could not restrain the wish of having the idol of his affections a witness of the scene, which he fondly hoped would redound to his honour and the confusion of his antagonist.

The second trumpet was sounded, and with a horrible crash the combat was begun; they fought with the fury of inveterate foes, not as chieftains emulous of fame alone, but urged by thirst of blood. The spectators were astonished at the impetuous rage of the contending

chiefs, and the lord of Glanville felt uneasy for the event—his son was in danger, and both seemed actuated by some unaccountable phrensy; he was just going to order the retreat when the spear of Carbery shivered on the shield of his adversary, and left him exposed to an unerring stroke which brought him to the earth: at that instant, as the savage knight, contrary to all the laws of chivalry, was about to repeat his blow, a generous youth darted into the circus, rushed beneath the impending stroke, and received the point of his lance in his extended arm. A burst of horror resounded from the whole assembly; the lovely Ella swooned in the balcony; and the ferocious stranger seeing the danger he was exposed to, put spurs to his spirited steed, and with difficulty escaped

caped the indignant fury of the multitude, many of whom pursued him for a considerable time.

Glanville now entered the circus, anxious for his son and the generous and spirited youth who interposed to save his life; Carbery had recovered from the shock occasioned by his fall, and was employed with grateful solicitude in administering assistance to the gallant stranger; the blood streamed copiously from the wound, and the unknown youth manifesting a desire to conceal his face, the blood was communicated to, and disfigured it. Allan now joined the group, and perceiving his embarrassment, requested that the crowd may retire, and with Carbery supported him to an apartment in the castle, and

sent

sent for medical assistance. The soul of Carbery was composed of the noblest sentiments; and, struck with the unparalleled generosity of the action, his desire to know to whom he owed his safety, could only be exceeded by his anxiety for the safety of his preserver;—but what language can depict his surprize, his admiration, his tenderness, and his distress, when he found in the person of his deliverer the idol of his soul—'twas *'Elinor of Desmond!'*

Carbery flung himself at her feet, and was giving vent to the overflowing gratitude and tenderness of his heart in the most impassioned accents, when Allan interrupted him with a seasonable remark.—"What, my friend, is it thus

you employ moments of such consequence?—Consider what depends on the secrecy or publicity of this affair."

"A tenfold curse on family feuds!" exclaimed the impassioned Carbery, "why am I denied the pleasure of presenting to my father the idol of my heart, the preserver of my existence?"

"Alas!" said the blushing Elinor, "what will become of me? In what a situation am I placed?—My father! how shall I meet my father?"

Every effort of tenderest attention, every sentiment of persuasive condolence was now applied by the enamoured son of Glanville, to sooth the timid object

ject of his affections; he re-assured her, that every precaution should be taken to insure secrecy.

"Two of my female servants attended me in disguise," said Elinor; "perhaps they now linger about the castle; how chearing, how consoling would their presence be!"

Allan flew at the mention of the circumstance, and in a short time introduced two chubby youths, who, notwithstanding the transformation of dress, betrayed their sex by palpitating hearts and trembling limbs. "Oh my dear lady," said each, as she flew towards the bleeding heroine, "what a dire misfortune is this!" and sobbing audibly, bathed her wound with their

tears, whilst Carbery hung over her, with all the mingled passions of grief, tenderness, and admiration, depicted in his expressive countenance. Allan alone retained presence of mind sufficient to bring them to some degree of composure and order; for the foot of the venerable bard was heard on the stair-case, hastening to administer medical assistance; (for those sacred characters were at once the physicians, counsellors, and musicians of the age:) he entered the apartment, and having examined the wound, to the inexpressible delight of all present, declared it to be of trivial consequence, and that there was no danger to be apprehended; but on proceeding to dress it, he perceived the heaving of her bosom, and the agitation of her whole frame, which she could not conceal."

ceal."—"I cannot be deceived," said the bard, "this surely is a female." The confusion of the whole party, and her increased agitation, confirmed him in his conjecture. He was now enjoined secrecy, and, having passed his inviolable word to that purport, was informed of the whole transaction, and what cause it was attributed to. Elinor was overwhelmed with confusion, and the blushes which suffused her glowing countenance, sufficiently declared the delicate sensations which possessed her bosom.

The minstrel shook his head; "I fear," (he exclaimed,) on considering her sex, that the agitation of her spirits may produce bad effects." Having dressed her arm, and given some simples

to her attendants, with directions for their application, he recommended most earnestly to her, to return with expedition to her father's castle, and immediately confine herself to her chamber for a few days.—Some refreshments were now produced, of which being prevailed upon to partake, she found her spirits in a great measure restored, and her person sufficiently composed to proceed to Desmond, whither Carbery and his friend with privacy conveyed her; and having taken an affecting leave, at a short distance from the castle, with hopes of soon meeting under more propitious circumstances—they parted. Elinor, by the garden door, having reached her apartment unperceived, and our young friends with expedition returning to Glanville, apprehensive of being missed,

and

and anxious to avoid any impertinent curiosity.

The hospitable board was now spread in the hall of Glanville, the old chieftain looked in vain for the preserver of his son, and the numerous guests felt disappointed, when informed that the gallant youth had departed, no one knew whither; but general satisfaction succeeded on being assured that the wound was not dangerous. The various events of the day were next recapitulated; no one could form a conjecture respecting the savage knight in the green armour; the hero of the raven plume was as much a mystery. Ella looked in vain for the mark of distinction she had bestowed; she cast an inquisitive glance at Allan, but could not

trace a satisfactory answer in his countenance. The song of the bard, accompanied by the sweet sounds of the harp, now drew forth bursts of applause; the exhilarating goblet was pushed round; the mellow draughts, with their attendants, wit and merriment, ruled the festive hours, until midnight, with its officious tongue, proclaimed a cessation; when the company retired each to his repose.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VIII.

" ——— an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy." *Shaks.*

At the castle of Desmond all was confusion and alarm, Elinor was in a high fever: the agitation of her spirits, the loss of blood, and the extraordinary incidents of the preceeding day, had affected both her body and mind, in a manner which called forth all the solicitude of paternal feeling, and all the assiduity of medical skill. In vain did the anxious parent endeavour to account for her sudden indisposition; in vain did he question her attendants; fear and fidelity had chained the tongues of the only

persons who had it in their power to inform him; but his impatience and astonishment were extreme, when, on her being seized with a fainting fit, in his presence, he perceived, as some superfluous clothes were removed, a bandage on her arm, and spots of blood!

The chieftain of Dromore had now arrived on a visit of condolence, and was extravagant in his professions of concern at the indisposition of the lady Elinor; but when Desmond mentioned the wound in her arm, his whole frame was convulsed, his lips quivered, his voice faultered, and his countenance changed to a livid paleness.

"A wound, say you, my lord?"

"Yes,"

"Yes," replied Desmond.

"And in the arm too?"

His answer was in the affirmative.

He paced the apartment with the utmost agitation, whilst Desmond surveyed him with silent amazement, then abruptly asked, "Was the lady Elinor from the castle yesterday?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied her father."

"Nor to mine!" exclaimed Theresa, (who observed the emotions of Gerald with trembling and jealous solicitude,) but I shall go and ask her to explain the mystery."

"By no means, madam," said the bard who attended, (for every noble family had one of that reverend order,) "by no means, such interrogatories may be attended by the worst consequences, by recalling, perhaps, ideas of terror, and scenes which could not be retraced without emotions tending to increase the fever which already preys upon her;—leave her to repose."

This prudent counsel was adopted; meantime lord Desmond examined each of the domestics, separately, and made every effort, to no purpose, to unravel the mystery attending this event.

"'Tis strange, indeed!" said Gerald, biting his lip.

"'Tis

"'Tis wonderfully mysterious!" replied Desmond.

"O 'tis a most marvellous misfortune!" exclaimed Theresa, "but the will of the Lord be done."

Gerald at length took leave, expressing his intention of calling on the morrow, when he hoped to find the lady Elinor much recovered:—and then in a gloomy mood, he directed his course to his solitary castle.

It may be necessary here to account for some of the events of the preceding day.

On its having been proclaimed through the surrounding districts, that a splendid tournament

tournament was to be exhibited at Glanville castle, in consequence of the return of the chieftain's daughter, Gerald (who by some unlucky accident had found the tablet on which the tender lines and name of Carbery were inscribed, and which he had deposited in the bosom of Elinor,) formed the resolution of availing himself of this circumstance to accomplish a most infernal purpose; and, having by artful means gained a knowledge of the arms and device by which the son of Glanville was to be distinguished, he determined to enter the lists against him; and by some stroke of treachery, which might afterwards bear the interpretation of accident, he proposed to rid himself of so formidable a rival.

Elinor

Elinor had also heard of the approaching tournament, and excited as well by curiosity, as by a desire of seeing the generous youth, to whose kind attention she was so much indebted, and whose form and interesting manners had left so deep and so warm an impression on her heart; and sensible that it would be madness to ask her father's permission to be present at the sports of his enemy, had recourse to the expedient of providing male attire for herself and two attendants, and, thus disguised, to gratify her wish. She had scarcely arrived at Glanville, when the cavalcade passed her, and Carbery accidentally taking off his casque, she recognized his features: from that moment her whole attention was riveted to the graceful youth; she remarked the device and motto of his shield;

shield; her flattering and enamoured heart suggested an allusion to herself: with what various emotions then did she perceive him enter the lists, with what feelings was she agitated, on seeing him exposed defenceless to the fury of his assailant; but when she saw the fatal stroke aimed at a life so much dearer to her than her own existence, love triumphed over every prudential consideration; she rushed in, she interposed, she saved it. Ah! little did she then imagine it was Gerald gave the blow; how little did she know it was aimed at *Elinor of Desmond!*

The dreary mansion of Dromore was now rendered doubly gloomy by the dark designing looks of its lord; his countenance was impressed with fiend-

like

like characters: when, on his return, he retired to his closet, and hastily sent for Connel, the agent and the confidant of his crimes. The obsequious ruffian soon appeared, and perceiving, by the lowering aspect of Gerald, that all was not as he wished, with eagerness and affected tenderness demanded, "What ails my lord? are you not well? your looks alarm me!"

"Oh, Connel!" said the gloomy chief, "my bosom is torn with conflicting passions: love, jealousy, ambition, and revenge,—each rules in its turn my distracted breast.—Connel, I have tried thee, I have found thee faithful, and in thy bosom I will repose a secret on which my life, my property, my love, and, what is dearer than all, my revenge, depends."

"Speak,

"Speak, my good lord!" said the hoary villain,—"speak! name but your enemy, that my poniard may drink his blood; you know it never mistook its errand when your cause demanded it."

Gerald gave an involuntary start, but soon recovering himself, "yes, Connel, thy services have been great and numerous; but know my friend, that one achievement still remains for thee,—but this once, and ever more we shall be brothers."

"Speak but thy will, my lord," said the sanguinary wretch, "speak but the word (half drawing his poniard), and Connel is ready."

"Attend then," said Gerald, "it has been

been for some time past the favourite object of my heart, to render myself agreeable to the fair daughter of Desmond: her noble father has distinguished me by many testimonies of confidence, and acts of polite attention: and though I could never summon up resolution enough to make a formal proposal, well knowing the difficulties which disparity of age and other circumstances opposed to my wishes; yet I was led to hope, that by devotion to the interests of his house, I may so far become master of the earl's mind as to conquer his prejudices, and by flattering and persevering attentions, I may even gain the affections of a young lady, who, I imagined, was an entire stranger to the rest of the world, and of course would be more subject to the influence of my politic arts.

I suc-

I succeeded, as a preliminary step, in my endeavours to acquire the good opinion of her aunt, Theresa, and when I concluded that she was sufficiently devoted to my interests, was about to confide to her the secret of my passion, and to implore her good offices in my behalf, when, to my vexation and astonishment, I found that she had mistaken all my politic attentions, as tributes of regard to her own shrivelled person; and considered me in reality a professed admirer. I knew human nature too well to expose myself, by undeceiving her, to the most inveterate of all enmities, that of the wounded pride and slighted love of woman. I also was aware of the necessity of keeping on good terms with the old dotard, to insure me at all times a cordial reception at the castle, and consequently

an

an opportunity of being near the object of my affections; with the hope of rendering myself necessary to her father, and by constant assiduities agreeable to herself. But, Connel, a boy, a cursed boy, has interposed, and blasted all my purposes."

"Say not so, my lord; where can he be found? speak but his name, and your rival sleeps for ever."

"Ha!" said Gerald, half suppressing his emotions, and muttering to himself, "must there be more blood?" then again resuming his address, "thou knowest, Connel, that the lovely Elinor is sole heiress to the estates of Desmond: what an object of ambition, as well as of love! Her noble sire is now fast declining to the

the tomb of his ancestors, and I should soon be enabled to reward your fidelity and services, in a princely manner, and equal to your deserts."

"Get the lady first, my lord," said the ferocious fiend, with a malicious smile, "leave the rest to me; her father shall not long keep you out of possession."

Gerald understood the hint, and, ruffian-hearted as he was, yet he felt astounded at such proofs of consummate and superior villany.

"It must not be so, my friend," he muttered with a tremulous accent; "we must proceed, if possible, without blood."

"How

"How chicken-hearted you are grown, my lord! remember you not with what manly spirit, with what glorious rage, you plunged your dagger into Conrad's breast? that was a noble deed!"

"Name it not again," said Gerald, "Oh, name it not for worlds!—Hark! heard you not a noise? Methinks I see his silver armour gleam—Oh, Connel!"

"My lord, 'tis all imagination, be composed; why this emotion for a deed long past? have not twenty years of uninterrupted enjoyment convinced you that the dead are feeble foes, and tell no tales?—then be a man, come to the point, and give me your instructions."

"Know then," (said Gerald, collecting

ing himself,) "that the son of lord Glanville is my rival; for on a tablet which I saw drop from Elinor's self, his name, his accursed name, was subscribed to the lines of tenderness."

"I'll stab him to the heart," (said Connel, grasping the hilt of his dagger.)

"Nay, precaution is necessary," said his gloomy lord; "I thought to dispatch him at a tournament: but, distraction! he was saved from my impending stroke by a stranger youth, and much my heart suspects it was Elinor in disguise, that saved him."

"That's strange indeed, my lord!"

"As

"As true as strange," said Gerald; "but hast thou not heard, that an enmity of long and rancorous nature has been hereditary between the houses of Glanville and Desmond? This tablet I purpose to shew her father, and work upon his fears, his pride, and his resentment; and when I have persuaded him that this stripling means to carry off his daughter, I shall find means to bring her off myself; this castle shall be her prison 'till she crowns my love."

"Well imagined, my lord; but must that spruce intruder on your prospects pass unchastised, unheeded?"

"That is to be your portion; it will require courage and dexterity to execute my plan: you must contrive to make

him disappear on the same day that I convey the daughter of Desmond hither; it will then be evident to her friends that he has been the ravisher: meantime you must not shed his blood, but convey him to the dungeons of this castle, that my revenge may be severer than death; there he shall lie, and be brought forth occasionally, as an object of utter derision, or a witness of my revellings in the arms of his mistress."

"O that will be a great revenge," said Connel; "I anticipate the music of his groans:—shall I place him in the dungeon where Conrad died?"

"O mention not that name again; it has horror in its sound!

"Be

" Be it so, my lord ; I shall await your orders."

" By to-morrow's setting sun you shall be acquainted with my resolves ; till then, adieu !"

The gloomy Gerald then retired to his apartment, meditating dark designs ; whilst the savage Connel sought his chamber, sunk upon his pillow, and dreamt of *murder*.

## CHAP. IX.

" He turns the sport to pain—and in the speed
" Of pleasure, meditates on hostile deed."

TYRONE had now recovered from the contusion he had received at the tournament, and pleasure began again to expand her silken wings around the mansion of O'Calaghan: the weather was favourable for sports of every description, and the fantastic toe was seen to beat the earth until the moon had shed her silvery light upon the plain; the brisk movements of the harper had ceased, and the peasantry retired to their hamlets, to make way on the green for their

fairy successors. Again, with the dawning day, new pastimes were begun, and a lengthened festival spread joy and hilarity through the whole territory.

The chieftain now wished his vassals to resume their several occupations, and, as a concluding entertainment, proposed a boat-race on the Avonmore.

The appointed hour arrived, and all nature seemed to favour the splendour of the spectacle: not a cloud was to be seen in the blue expanse of the firmament; and the gentle zephyr scarcely ruffled the smooth bosom of the river: the verdure of the fields, the luxuriance of the growing crops, the majestic foliage of the woodlands, with the meanderings of the Avonmore, from whose

placid stream a manifold reflection of the orb of day dazzled the sight; the concourse of spectators, the painted barges, and their party-coloured rowers, gave to the whole scene a magnificent and romantic effect, impressing on the mind sentiments, and imparting to the heart sensations the most cheerful and delightful.

The chieftain, his angelic daughter, and attendants, had taken their seats on one of the turrets of the castle, from whence a flag was displayed, and which was to be the goal of victory. The candidates for fame, Tyrone, Carbery, and Allan, had taken their positions, each in a barge, with six sturdy rowers. The colour of Tyrone was scarlet, of Carbery blue, and of Allan purple: over his shoulder

shoulder was flung the sash which Ella had bestowed on him at the tournament; and now Tyrone perceived his successful opponent, and Ella recognised her champion.

The breast of the Ultonian was fired with the most malignant species of enmity; he meditated the worst designs against his rival; for he had perceived those looks of tenderness which were so often interchanged between the fair hope of Glanville, and his graceful adversary; and, ferocious as was his heart, it was not proof against the magic of her fascinating eyes, whose glances were directed towards a rival, which stung him with rage, jealousy, and revenge.

The signal was now given, and the

barge steered by the prince of Ulster, had soon the start by a considerable distance; Carbery came next, and last came Allan, who knew the length of the race, giving directions to his rowers to spare their strength, whilst he saw those of the rival candidates straining every nerve from the commencement. When they had arrived midway, he perceived the adverse rowers begin to lag, and then addressing his own, by his voice which they were accustomed to hear with pleasure, and obey with alacrity, he animated them with fresh spirits, and inspired them with renewed vigour. He pressed hard upon the stern of Carbery, and now he passed him with a smile; the prince of Ulster saw him fast approaching, and in vain endeavoured to animate his men; they were exhausted. The ardent Allan

now

now closed upon his rival, and now he was along-side; his vigorous rowers were collecting all their powers, and preparing to get a head with one bold effort; when the Ultonian, mad with the idea of being a second time defeated in the sight of his mistress, by the man he esteemed his rival in her affections, furiously ran his barge across that of Allan, and both were overset. The whole party, however, gained the nearest bank of the river, without experiencing any injury, excepting that of a complete wetting. The tender Ella screamed at the first view of the disaster, and a momentary anger flushed on the cheek of lord Glanville; but, on seeing all safe, pleasure once more brightened up his countenance, as he dropped the flag which gave his son the victory.

The games were now concluded, and the crowd of spectators dispersed; whilst the rivals returned to the castle dripping wet. Allan complimented his friend on his victory, which the other said he had no claim to, having obtained it without a competitor; whilst Tyrone was endeavouring to give the name of accident to his treachery, in which his auditors seemingly acquiesced, though possessed of the opposite opinion.

From this moment the prince of Ulster cherished the most deadly hatred against his rival; and completely to blast his prospects, or his hopes in respect to Ella, determined to make a formal proposal for her hand: he well knew that Glanville would with ardour embrace an offer, at once so advantageous

ous to his interests, and flattering to his pride: the pretensions of the low-sprung dependent, he was sensible would shrink before so illustrious an alliance; and his triumph over his rival would be attended with a revenge most acceptable to his heart; that of representing his presumptuous hopes to the chieftain of Glanville: he well knew the family pride of that haughty lord, and was sensible, that any suggestion of that nature would be sufficient to cause the expulsion of Allan from the castle of his patron. With such thoughts he retired to his apartment to change his dress.

Not so Allan: though he could not but perceive the treacherous aim of his opponent, yet he attributed it to the momentary vexation of defeat; and thus

generous and noble in his own nature, could not harbour a conception that Tyrone was cherishing such dark and dangerous designs. As he passed along the gallery, he met the lovely Ella, who, with an earnestness and tender solicitude she was unpractised to conceal, hoped he had not received any injury from the accident, and entreated him to hasten and disengage himself from his wet attire: she also expressed her pleasure at seeing her sash bestowed on the friend of her brother. A foot was now heard upon the marble staircase; it was old Malcolm—Allan kissed the border of the sash, sighed, and hastily departed.

Tyrone having attired himself in dry garments, was, unfortunately, returning from his chamber at the very moment of interview;

interview; he saw the tenderness manifested in the manner of each, and had the meanness to skulk behind a column to observe their motions, and to overhear their expressions. He soon heard enough to render his rage extreme, and his hatred towards Allan more inveterate. He gloried in the pride of birth, and his ability of crushing the hopes of his rival, by the weighty consideration of his important alliance. He was determined to prosecute his infernal plan, and though sensible that the lovely girl had bestowed her affections on Allan, yet in violation of every sentiment of generosity or honour, he was resolved, by means of the temptation of his connection, to gain the consent of the ambitious chieftain, totally regardless of the happiness of the fair and unoffending victim;

victim; for the heart of Tyrone was a stranger to those sensibilities which dignify the name and character of man, and justify the similitude of the Deity.

Allan retired to his chamber, and Ella to tranquillize her feelings at her harp; whilst the gloomy Ultonian stole down the private staircase, plotting mischievous conceptions, and meditating woes for the innocent and unoffending heart.

CHAP.

## CHAP. X.

"Dissimulation is a weed which fills
The soil, which lust or fell ambition tills."

THE lovely daughter of Desmond was still in a very dangerous situation; her mind was in a state of delirium, in which she betrayed, in incoherent ravings, the cause of her malady. Though no person present could draw any rational inference from her distracted ejaculations, when, in the acme of her phrensy, she would exclaim, "O spare him! spare the generous youth! let my life answer for the bloody purpose!" Amazement sat on every brow, save those of Judith

or

or Susanna, who well knew to whom her words alluded.

The gloomy chieftain of Dromore had now paid a second visit since the indisposition of the lovely Elinor; seemingly alive to the distress of his friend, he inquired, in terms the most solicitous and impressive, respecting the health of his fair daughter:—his answer was the language of despondence. Gerald sighed —he hem'd—and after seeming to struggle with many difficulties, with hesitating accents he informed lord Desmond, that he had secrets to communicate to him of the first importance; at the same time regretting that it was not information which would convey pleasure; yet, situated as he was, he conceived it a sacred

a sacred duty to unfold a plot of darkest character, which involved in its consequences the honour and dearest interests of his friends.

Desmond heard him with amazed attention, and urged him to the explanation of his mysterious preface; and the artful Gerald, in an elaborate speech, in which he worked upon the pride and prejudices of the credulous chief, at length informed him, that he had more than presumptive reasons to believe that the son of Glanville was the cause of his daughter's indisposition.

"The son of Glanville!" exclaimed Desmond with surprize and indignation, "the son of my inveterate, hereditary foe!—Impossible, my lord! Elinor

nor knows too well what is due to the dignity of her birth and duty, to league with an enemy against the grey hairs of her father."

"Far be it from my intention," said the subtile Gerald, "to lay aught of such criminal matter against that innocent lady; but, my lord, you are a man of no inconsiderable experience, and can judge how subject the female heart is to receive impressions from the seductive tongue of flattery, when further recommended by youth, rank, and interesting graces of person; for of such even envy must allow the son of Glanville to be possessed, though the eye of penetrating judgment can perceive in them nothing more than the deceptive coverings of a designing ambition,

ambition, a sordid spirit, and a corrupt, a profligate heart.—My lord, I am sorry to speak plain on such a subject, but am well assured that an intercourse of tender sentiments has for some time prevailed between him and your fair and unsuspecting daughter."

Desmond paced the apartment with sullen agitation—"Then may she be numbered with the illustrious dead in the cold vaults of my ancestors, may her name and her memory be forgotten, sooner than she should unite such inimical blood, by an unnatural junction of those streams which warm an O'Calaghan and a Desmond!—But, my lord, you say you have more than conjecture for this; what are your proofs?

Gerald

Gerald now produced the tablet, and cautiously related the adventure at the tournament, artfully concealing the part he acted.—He mentioned his being impelled by curiosity to witness that spectacle—that he saw the son of Glanville enter the lists with a strange knight, and when all expected that the prostrate Carbery would receive the stroke of death from his successful opponent, a youth rushed wildly across the circus, interposed to save his life, and received the descending point in the arm.—On his returning to the castle, and hearing of the lady Elinor's indisposition, and particularly of the wound in the arm—the tablet—the tournament—the person who interposed—all rushed with conviction on his mind, that the son of Glanville

Glanville was indebted to the heiress of Desmond for his life.

"I shall enquire minutely into this affair," said the enraged chieftain; "and if your suspicions prove true, I shall take such measures, with your advice, as will tend to frustrate the views of this perfidious boy; meantime, my lord, receive my most grateful acknowledgements for the kind concern you are pleased to manifest for my interests, and particularly in this affair."

Gerald, with many protestations of attachment, assured him, that he should consider it a duty to assist him in rendering the views of his enemy futile; and added, "I am the more impelled to this by a conviction that love has no share

share in the heart of Carbery, but that avarice and ambition urge him on to a claim upon those estates, which would render him (united to his own patrimony,) able to indulge his natural disposition of tyranny over his less potent neighbours. Having once obtained this object, his antient animosity against your race would revive; and it is more than probable, I shudder at the bare idea! that the daughter of your love may fall by the hand or cup of an assassin; or, what would be still worse, linger out a wretched existence in solitary confinement, secluded from the world in some dreary castle, and only visited to endure the taunts and the ridicule of some of the hereditary foes of her family."

"By

"By heaven the thought is madness!" exclaimed the frantic Desmond; "let the earth open into an immeasurable gulph, and swallow me and all my possessions, sooner than the estates of my ancestors be added to the wealth of my haughty and most inveterate foe!—It must not be—one method now remains—Elinor shall wed the man of my choice: I shall immediately select a husband worthy of her hand, and of my possessions; if she rejects my choice, a cloister shall receive her, and my estates I shall appropriate to the endowing of a monastery."

Gerald now feared he had gone too far, and saw the necessity of securing the accomplishment of his own views as soon as possible. How often was he tempted

tempted to open his heart to Desmond, and offer himself as that son-in-law to defend his rights, and to render eternal the enmity of his house towards his rival: but he knew that Desmond loved his daughter, and would not easily consent to an union where there was such disparity of age; and if he was rejected, all his past conduct would bear the interpretation of pushing his own interest perhaps at the expence of truth, honour, and justice; and the designs he had in contemplation, if executed, would be liable to bring suspicion on a disappointed candidate. The danger of a rejection was too great; the hope of success too feeble; he therefore determined to avail himself of those crooked powers of mind with which he was endowed, to acquire by foul means what he

he could not expect by fair pretensions: so taking leave of the distracted Desmond, he recommended caution and deliberation, whilst he returned to the Castle of Dromore, busily intent upon his future operations.

On his departure, all the domestics were convened in the great hall, and, after a long investigation, it appeared that Judith and Susanna were the only persons absent from the Castle on the day of the tournament at Glanville.—They were immediately taken apart, and assailed alternately by all the power of threats, and promises of reward, until the secret was extorted from them. Convinced of the truth of Gerald's suggestions, his friendly zeal was the subject of grateful praise, and his sagacity

a theme for admiration ; he looked upon him as the guardian angel of his house, thus interposing to save it from destruction. He now bent all his mind towards selecting a husband for his daughter, in every point corresponding with the fond wishes he had formed ; and for this purpose the lord of Thomond appeared the most desirable object.—He was young, agreeable, the head of a powerful clan, and in every respect possessed of those requisites which Desmond desired in a son-in-law and heir for his territories : besides, there was a connexion of blood between their families, which made him more earnest in wishing for an alliance, which would prevent his hereditary estates from devolving to a stranger. He was further impelled by the rumour of Tyrone's having made proposals for the

daughter

daughter of Glanville; and imagined he could not be secure, but by forming a connexion equally powerful, as a counterpoise to the designs and ambition of his enemy.

With this intention he determined to conceal from his daughter a knowledge of the discovery he had made; and enjoined secrecy on the two terrified attendants of Elinor, which there was no doubt of their observing most religiously, as they dreaded nothing more than their mistress being made acquainted with their confession.

Carrol, the bosom friend of Desmond, was now called, and having been informed of all the circumstances attending the lady Elinor's indisposition, urged

the necessity of dispatch in the execution of those preventive measures which were agreed on.—And having received his instructions, immediately departed for Thomond, with an invitation to the young chieftain, and an offer of alliance from the house of Desmond.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XI.

To shew that all the flattering schemes of joy
Which tow'ring Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy ——

*Shaw.*

At Glanville festivity and joy still prevailed, except in the bosoms of Allan, of Ella, of Carbery, and of Tyrone, who were all variously affected by causes not known to the rest of the guests, nor apparent in their conduct. In the expressive countenance of Ella, the lily, indeed, had nearly banished the rose from its society; and pensive melancholy diffused itself, rendering her divine face still more interesting. Allan, notwithstanding every effort to contribute to

the entertainments of the Castle, appeared to have lost a great portion of that animation which characterized him; and was often surprised in situations which would furnish a design of despondence for the pencil of the painter. Carbery was silent and contemplative; and Tyrone sullen, reserved, and observant: each was agitated by feelings to which the peculiarity of situation, by rendering secrecy necessary, added poignancy. —Yet the amusements which occupied the crowd around them, by attracting attention to other objects, left them at liberty to indulge each his sensations without interruption or observation. Ella, in whose bosom the tender influence of an infant passion too powerfully established itself, though sensible of the imprudence of her attachment, and of the

the obstacles which opposed even a hope of its being crowned by the completion of her wishes; after some weak struggles with her reason, (if a love-sick girl can have any,) which, like water thrown lightly on a fire, tends only, by the action of its air, to aggravate the flame, was at length flattered, by the sophistry of passion, into the persuasion, that there could not possibly be the least harm in indulging a dream of happiness which could never be substantiated; and, by the enjoyment of visionary or imaginary bliss, delude herself into an idea of its reality: by this means cheating sorrow of many stings, and despair of a quiver full of arrows.—Poor, simple Ella! little did she imagine that the very means she was adopting for its preservation, were most hostile to her peace; for, alas!

were most hostile to her peace; for, alas! when the effervescence of imagination began to subside, and all those air-wrought phantoms had vanished from her view—she would grasp the sharp thistle of disappointment, and find too late, that the devious path which Fancy had strewed with flowers, was the rugged road of reality, which led to the gloom-embowered caverns of Despair. But Ella was not aware of the danger; she collected the sweetest wild-flowers of the vale, and wove them in a chaplet for her Allan; she formed a couch of the softest moss, and despoiled the garden of its fairest ornaments, and all for Allan; her harp was strung to witching notes of melody, for she fancied him attending to her strain: she reclined on her

her couch of moss, and he was by her side; she heard his whisper in the breeze, and his sighs in the murmurs of the gale; he was hers, and she was irrevocably his.—Sweet delusion! fond and simple Ella, enjoy thy golden dream; and may the visions of delight which dance in thine enamoured view, never shrink into the ghastly spectres of disappointment!—May a blest reality embody all thy fairy images of joy, and scenes of pleasure be thy portion, even fairer than the brightest paintings of thine own enthusiastic imagination!

How little did Allan know, that he was the adored subject of all his Ella's thoughts and reveries; prospects of a different nature occupied his mind, and banished peace from his bosom.—His

were not those powers of fancy, which could steal the stings from the fangs of excruciating reality: his reason was too strong, and his feelings too acute for the effects of such a delusion.—Too surely was he convinced of the obscurity of his birth, the dependent state of his fortune, and the immoveable barriers which opposed the fondest wishes of his heart.—For how could he refuse to cherish such endeared wishes, when he was sensible of the partiality entertained in his favour by their lovely object?—But then honour and gratitude assailed him; could he ungenerously forget the patron of his youth? Could he be the instrument to blast all his prospects of aggrandizement? In short, could he basely contrive to rob a fond parent of his favourite source of delight,

of

of a daughter on whom he doated; and stab the bosom that cherished him from lowly infancy, by wounding its pride, and overturning all the castles which ambitious imagination had erected? No, the voice of gratitude, the voice of honor was sweet to Allan; he was determined to obey it, and to repel those encroachments of passion which were fast gaining on his heart.—It was a severe struggle, but he studiously avoided all manner of intercourse with the dear and fatal cause of his disquietude, and never saw her but in public.—But the worm of care was preying on his heart, and the languor of his countenance made it too visible, that he "pined in thought;" whilst Carbery, who was absorbed in the contemplation of his angelic Elinor's charms, and di-

recting every wish and every thought to that one object of his affections, did not perceive the alteration in his friend, nor his friend in him; for an anxiety had impressed characters on his forehead, to which, until lately, it was a stranger.

Tyrone alone was in full possession of his observing and penetrating powers, and these he sedulously employed on the looks and motions of Ella and of Allan. Not a glance, not a sigh, not a word escaped him: in Ella, he read much to render himself dissatisfied; but Allan, reserved, silent, and seemingly indifferent, was a mystery to him. He, however, perceived that he never could become a favourite himself with the daughter of Glanville; and having no

mean

mean opinion of his own person and accomplishments, could not help suspecting that policy and design lay concealed under the distance and reserve which was assumed by Allan; and could not but attribute his own want of success to the arts and secret intrigues of that "young man," (as he sometimes called him, with all the pride of nobility;) and possessed of this opinion, laboured night and day to satisfy his jealous curiosity. Alas! an opportunity too soon presented itself; which at once served to convince Tyrone of the truth of his conclusions, and to overturn all that boasted resolution which Allan vainly conceived to be immoveable and impregnable.

It happened one evening, as Allan was rambling along the banks of the Avon-

more,

more, to the west of the castle, and contemplating the beauties of the setting sun, whose fiery orb was descending with slow and majestic motion, behind the blue summits of the western mountains, on whose irregular sides his lingering rays fell partially: as he passed a little coppice, endeared to him by the recollection of many happy scenes, his attention was arrested by a sweet and plaintive strain, which seemed to issue from its inmost recess; he thought the voice familiar to him, and gently approaching, until he had attained a situation in which he could distinctly hear the words,—the following air from the lips of his adored Ella, who happened at that moment to be indulging the illusions of imagination, overwhelmed him with sensations which no language could describe.

I'll

I'll wave me a chaplet so gay,
For Allan, sweet Allan, to wear:
I'll rifle the treasures of May,
And I'll 'dew ev'ry flow'r with a tear.

The rose, like his cheek, must there bloom;
Like his skin, shall the snow-drop appear;
The pink, like his breath, breathe perfume;
And I'll 'dew ev'ry flow'r with a tear.

But what are the treasures of May?
When Allan, sweet Allan, is near,
Their beauties all vanish away;
O, I'll 'dew ev'ry flow'r with a tear!

Allan stood riveted to the spot; a soft enchantment diffused itself over all his bewildered senses; he fancied himself transported to those elysian retreats, where love, triumphing over all distinctions, and free from the shackles of ceremonious propriety, speaks the language of the heart without restraint, unawed by

by the scowling eye of jealousy, the alarms of family pride, or paternal solicitude. All obligations were forgotten, all his resolutions vanished, and, urged on by the fascination of the moment, he sprung forward, and in an instant was at the feet of his captivating syren. An ejaculation of surprise escaped the disconcerted fair one; the roseate tinge appeared on, and vanished from her cheeks with all the rapidity of a convulsive emotion; she trembled, and Allan was too much agitated to calm or to soothe her feelings; he could only exclaim, with faltering accents, "Most adored and excellent Ella, pardon the presumption of despairing love; may eternal blessings be your portion, whilst the humble Allan shall not esteem himself entirely wretched, if permitted, in solitude, to pray for, and

to

to adore you."—Having uttered these impassioned expressions, he heartily imprinted a burning kiss on her hand, and darted from her presence before she could recover from her confusion.

She awoke as if from a dream; the phantom of delight had fled, and so fleeting was the scene, and so quick the succession of ideas, with their attendant sensations, that she attributed the whole to the disordered state of her mind, and with this impression, gave vent to her feelings in this extemporaneous effusion

TO FANCY:

You flatt'ring dreams of soft delight,
Ah stay, ah ling'ring stay,
And cheat my fond deluded sight,
With love's ethereal ray!

Since

Since real peace, a stranger grown,
Has ceased to cheer my hours;
Let Fancy bring her magic zone,
And bind me with its pow'rs.

Then come, thou nymph of smile serene!
With each illusive charm;
Give trans'ent sunshine to the scene,
And hush each vain alarm.

The shades of night were now descending, she arose from her couch of moss, and hastened by a winding path which led through a shrubbery to the Castle, which she reached in a few minutes, unobserved, as she imagined, by the eye of curiosity; but Ella was mistaken, the demon of discord had hovered over her, all the evening, in the form of Tyrone; concealed in a thick part of the coppice, he heard the tender effusions of her

her heart, and witnessed, with eyes inflated by jealous rage, that impassioned scene which has been just related. Ella retired to her room, and Allan was also in his apartment, debating with himself on the propriety or impropriety of his late conduct. Love offered many arguments of a specious and deluding nature, to sanction the part which he had acted:—Who could resist the impulse of his feelings at such a moment? Her fascinating accents still seemed to vibrate in his ears; the rights and the voice of nature should not be disregarded; and though fortune had placed him in an humble point of view, with regard to worldly estimation, yet surely the prejudiced distinctions of man should not take precedence of those laws, imprinted on the face of universal nature, by that divine

divine Legislator who knoweth no distinction but that of virtue: birth was fortuitous, and surely there could be no merit attached to the possession of an advantage which no person could command; and as to fortune, her random favours were bestowed with such an unequal hand, and erring judgment, that weak indeed must be his claim, who would found his pretensions to superiority on so precarious and sandy a basis. He, therefore, was right in asserting those original laws, the inheritance of man; they told him that he had rights to vindicate, that he had also feelings given him for the noblest purposes, and that whenever he could indulge them without infringing on any of those original institutes, he was right.—The passion of love was the first principle of nature; he felt,

felt, and he inspired that passion,—to gratify it, would confer happiness on himself and the object of his wishes; and, as the divine Author of the universe directed all things to tend to the happiness of his creatures, he surely could not be wrong in seconding such benevolent intentions. Such was the sophistry of love!

Now, Reason spoke:—To enjoy those rights which you so highly value, you must return to the original state of nature, and I fancy you will not find a state of society so rude as to be totally unacquainted with distinctions.

Next, Honour:—Was it fair in you to listen to the thoughtless effusions of an inexperienced girl? and, by your extravagant

travagant conduct, confirm a passion which a seeming indifference on your part may ultimately eradicate; when you was confident, that your situation and expectations were such, as that, if your desires were attended with success, they could not be crowned with happiness? And could you, for a selfish gratification, bring misery and disgrace on the object of your affections?

Next, Gratitude assailed him:—You was born to poverty and vassalage; the hand of generosity drew you forth from a degrading obscurity, and bestowed on you all the advantages of rank and fortune: and can you forget that hand which raised you from the servile herd? can you infix a poniard in that bosom which cherished you? and plant

plant with thorns that path of a kind patron's declining life which it is your duty to strew with flowers? — Shame, shame! said Gratitude; and Allan blushed. The rights of nature vanished; he paced the room with agitation, muttering to himself, "I was wrong! I am a scoundrel!"

Allan said he was *wrong*, and perhaps he was so:—He also said he was a *scoundrel*; but the very *emotions* which called forth such a declaration, were sufficient proofs that he was *not* one.

Such, however, was his self-convicted conclusion, and such the state of his mind, when it occurred to him, (dire necessity!) that the only means of preserving his honour untainted, and to prevent

prevent those disagreeable events which must result from the pursuit which passion impelled him to, was to make a noble sacrifice of his feelings, and devote himself to voluntary exile, sooner than disturb the peace of that family, which had imposed so many, and such weighty obligations on him; and, lest any circumstance should happen to occasion his relapse into the delusive mazes of fancy, he determined to withdraw from the objects of all his affections that very night, and never return until assured that his presence would not create uneasiness; hoping that absence would erase his memory from the mind of his beloved; and that time would mitigate, since it would be impossible entirely to subdue, the acuteness of his feelings. Such was the generous resolution which

he

he had formed, when he was alarmed by a hasty summons into the presence of his lord. He anticipated unwelcome news, and his heart foreboded the effects of treachery; he, however, obeyed the summons, and in a few minutes was ushered into the presence of the chieftain, who abruptly addressed him with the following words:

"So, sir," (he exclaimed, whilst all the indignation of offended pride flashed from his eyes, and reddened up his sallow countenance;) "So, sir, I have been nursing a reptile in the bosom of my family, to dart its envenomed sting at the peace of that breast which cherished it, and to bring disgrace upon the chief of an illustrious house; who so far forgot his dignity, as to admit a

lowly vassal to his board, his friendship, and his confidence.—Was this well done, young man?

"My lord," replied Allan, with some degree of warmth, (for the epithets of reptile and lowly vassal had stung him to the soul;) "'tis true, I owe you much, and can say with truth that I have ever felt a just sense of my obligations: but I cannot conceive, that even the claims you have on my gratitude, can confer on you a right to load me with terms of such unmerited reproach and degradation; and,—"

"Base born miscreant!" (exclaimed the haughty Glanville, interrupting him;) "do you presume to talk to me of rights? Know that your life is at my

disposal, and can scarcely atone for your offence: I am well assured of your dissembling arts and vile ingratitude; first you insinuated yourself into the affections of my son; and next, your presumptuous ambition aspired to my daughter's hand: Intolerable vanity! the son of the cottager, Randal, to be the rival of a prince! for know, young man, the heir of Ulster has proposed for that alliance which you intended to disgrace. To conclude, your life I spare, on condition of your immediate departure from hence, and never setting foot again on my possessions."

The heart of Allan was convulsed with agony and indignation. "My lord," (he could scarcely articulate,) "your order is unnecessary; my own feelings had already urged me to that determina-

tion; and after the terms of degradation with which I have been so unjustly insulted, I should prefer the desert to your society, and the wild heath to your bed of down. As to my life, it is to me of little consequence; it may be in a tyrant's power, but I fear not the brave." With these words he hurried from the apartment, and in a few minutes departed from the Castle; while Glanville, affected by contending emotions of pride, resentment, and affection, (for he had a regard for Allan still lurking near his heart,) sunk into his chair, and indulged a deep train of silent meditation; until the dinner bell smote upon his ear, and awoke him from his reverie.

At the banquet, all was gloomy magnificence; Glanville could not conceal his agitation, when Carbery inquired for his

his friend: the crimson flood rose at the sound of that beloved name to the expressive countenance of Ella. Tyrone winked at the chieftain, who saw his daughter's emotions with a degree of resentment he was unable to repress; and, on Carbery's repeating his inquiry with increased solicitude, his answer was, "Mention not again that name, it is hateful to me; that wretch has long enough disgraced my table, and abused my condescension."

"Carbery could not retain the resentment which arose from his liberal heart; "His presence would not disgrace a monarch!" he exclaimed, with a generous warmth; and then arising from the table, he cast a glance of suspicion and resentment at Tyrone, and departed from

the hall, with manifest indignation, leaving his father in an ungovernable rage, and the guests in consternation; whilst a livid paleness diffused itself over the countenance of the agitated Ultonian.

Ella was overcome with her feelings and her fears; she, however, summoned sufficient resolution to retire with some degree of apparent composure, and having tottered to her chamber, flung herself on a couch in an agony of distress.

## CHAP. XII.

" Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay ;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress."

*Young.*

PREVIOUS to his departure, Allan wrote a few lines to his friend, simply apologizing for his abrupt departure, and recommending his old and unprotected parents to his generous care and patronage. He knew his own heart sufficiently, to be sensible that an interview with his friend, or the venerable cottagers, would be attended with emotions on both sides, which he wished to spare them, though to him it would in some degree prove a

luxury. He also feared that the effects of such a scene would tend to weaken the resolution he had formed, of immediate, and now voluntary exile.

Having therefore procured the habit of a peasant, with an ashen stripling in his hand, he set out, not knowing whither to direct his steps;

"The world to choose, and Providence his guide."

In a short time he had passed the boundaries of Glanville territory, and then with exultation exclaimed, "Now, haughty lord, thy mandate is obeyed: now I am free as air, no tyrant to call me vassal;—I am the child of nature, and the wide world is my inheritance. O liberty, inestimable treasure! be thou the

the sweet partner of my wandrings, thy angel smile shall cheer me in all my vicissitudes, and every privation of fortune be disregarded whilst ennobled by thy society."

Thus did he indulge the first transports which the idea of independence had excited in his breast; but, when he considered that he was turning his back, perhaps for ever, on all he held dear on earth; when the celestial form of Ella arose to his view,—perhaps even then, she was acquainted with, and mourned his departure;—he fancied he saw the tear of feeling roll down her expressive countenance, and heard her sigh of sympathizing sorrow for the fate of the exiled and forlorn Allan.—It was too much;—his friend also seemed to re-

proach him for his desertion, and his aged parents occurred only to create sentiments of affection mingled with agonizing emotions of distress.—All the scenes of happy childhood next crowded on his memory:—he was forsaking all, perhaps for ever; but then, the degrading epithets of lowly vassal, base reptile! brought the tide of resentment and wounded pride into his cheeks, and strengthened his resolution of flying from a place where contempt and vassalage would be his portion.

He had now reached the summit of one of the highest hills of Mona: he turned, by an involuntary impulse, towards the scenes of his youth, the moon was just risen above the verge of the horison, and seemed to pause on the broad

broad back of Knockraura, to shed its flakes of silvery light along the plain, and give him a last and lingering view of fields endeared to him by all the little incidents of early attachment and infantine amusements. He saw the meandering of the noble Avonmore; perhaps, for the last time, beheld that stream which so often embraced his juvenile limbs, the source of health, exercise, and pleasure. The turrets of the castle now caught his wandering eye, as the moonlight shower was reflected from its stones of sober grey:—dear well known turrets! which enclosed the objects of his soul's most intimate affections; his fancy even pourtrayed the graceful form of his Ella, as she leant in a pensive attitude over the balustrades of the lofty battlements, seeming to take a lingering view of his

departing steps. He gently drew the precious sash from his bosom, and prest it to his lips: but at that moment an envious cloud enveloped the regent of the night; chilling blasts descended from the hills; the scattered clouds collecting in a mass, obtruded every beam of light; whilst darkness displayed her ebon sceptre.—The well-known fields, the stream, the turrets, nay, the fancied form of his Ella, all faded on his sight, as homeless, desolate, and abandoned; he stood upon the barren heath, fondly striving to retrace the beloved images which were flown, perhaps, for ever from his view.

In this situation, absorbed in thought, he rested on the protuberance of a rock, nor heeded the circling folds of darkness, which, with deeper, and still deepening shades,

shades, enveloped him. The rude gust now swept along the summits of the mountains, whilst the wild ash bent at its approach; and the fox crept from his earth, to seek for sustenance by midnight depredations: the whole appearance of nature was changed, and every prognostic of a storm presented itself. Allan awoke from his reverie; he marked the sudden transition from light to darkness, from serenity to tempest, through all the scene which surrounded him: it was the picture of his own fate; he could not help assimilating it to his own sudden reverse of fortune; and was indulging this melancholy reflection, when the trampling of horses arrested his attention: he concluded that the object of an excursion, at such an hour, could not be laudable; and he determined, if possible,

sible, to avoid being observed by them: a suspicion glanced across his mind, that they might be emissaries from the castle, dispatched by some enemy for his destruction; and, though a few minutes before he should consider death as a chearful prospect, affording a refuge from all his woes, yet, when he apprehended its approach, that principle of self-preservation, so wisely implanted in the human breast by an irresistible impulse, impelled him to concealment: for this purpose he retired into a narrow fissure in the rock, on which he rested, and which was admirably adapted for the end required.

He had scarcely taken post in his retreat, when the horsemen arrived at the spot; and he heard their conversation,

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in a manner which left not a doubt on his mind but he was the subject of it, as well as the object of their pursuit.

"I am positive he came this way," (said a rough voice;) nor can he be far off, for I traced every step he trod."

"Confound him," (said a second,) "what a chase he has led us; yet we durst not return to Tyrone without giving a good account of him."

"We dare not return without spilling his heart's blood," vociferated a third; "I wish I had but one stab at him, and I warrant you 'twould do his business."

"We had a hard ride," said another of the gang; "a drop of comfort would do us no harm: come, Lavert, let us have

have a drop, and then we'll renew the chase." "I second the motion," said each of the pious fraternity;" and having dismounted and linked their horses, they sat down at the entrance of the cave to regale themselves. But what must have been the feelings of Allan when he heard them recapitulate most of the events of the day, and throw new light upon a subject in which he was so much interested?

"What a proud scoundrel that Lord Glanville is, said one; "he thinks that Tyrone will marry his daughter, but he knows a trick worth two of that."

"Tyrone is a match for the devil himself," cried another; "I warrant he'll make fools of them all in the end; he

he has got rid of one damn'd troublesome fellow already; though by the by, he was fairly beat at the tournament."

"Aye, that stuck woundedly in his gizzard; I knew he'd never rest until he got revenge—this is all his doing!"

"Well!" exclaimed the surly assassin, who seemed to be their chief, "what have we to say to all this? It is our business to execute our orders, and you know we dare not return without bloody daggers; so to your horses, and let us take different routes in pursuit of him."

On this they immediately remounted, and rode off, leaving Allan somewhat relieved

relieved from his apprehensions, though still not daring to leave the place which had afforded him its friendly shelter, until the light of returning day should restore some degree of confidence to his bosom. Such was the forlorn state of this interesting youth, at a trivial distance from the scene of all his expired happiness, condemned, like an outlawed criminal, to intrude upon the loathsome retreat of the fox, and hunted with more determined persecution, and a more insatiate thirst of blood even than that animal. As he reclined his head against the damp side of the cavern, full of such gloomy reflections, and planning some system of future conduct; sleep, by insensible approaches, gently stole upon his wearied eye-lids, and his limbs, overcome with lassitude, were soon encircled in its balmy folds.

It

It was not a death-like sleep which he enjoyed; his mind, heated by the adventures of the day, was occupied with strange visions.—He fancied that a tall figure in silver armour appeared to him, and having beckoned him to follow, led him by a subterraneous passage which seemed to issue from the cavern, through many intricate windings, to a beautiful valley bordering on the monastery of Morne, where it vanished from his sight, saying with an impressive tone of voice, "*those fields are thine.*"—He started, awoke, and found all was but a dream. The hollow wind was scouring the dreary heath with a rougher blast; and the rain, which descended in torrents, dashed by its violence against the rocks, began to inundate his wretched retreat: he retired

ſtill

still further into the rude cavity, and having again reclined his head on the rough and jutting exuberance of the cavern, sleep in a short time resumed its dominion; but his imagination was still active, whilst the demon of dreams hovered round him, and presented to his view an extraordinary and interesting vision.

He fancied that the same figure again stood before him, and having regarded him for some time with a look expressive of the tenderest concern, invited him to follow. He obeyed, and imagined that he was conducted by a low and narrow passage, into a suite of subterraneous vaults, where the melancholy ruins of mortality lay scattered on every side. He proceeded, treading with caution,

caution, lest his erring steps should violate the sacred relics of the departed, the phantom still gliding on before, and often reverting a look of tenderness and compassion, until they arrived at a spacious sepulchre hung with dark arras, and adorned with hatchments: on a bench was extended a coffin under a black canopy and pall, which the figure in armour lifted up; and, horrid to relate, the half consumed corpse had infixed in its bosom a dagger driven to the hilt. The phantom stood over it with an air of affliction, ejaculated, in a plaintive tone, that horrific word "*murder*," and, pointing to the dagger, vanished from his sight.

A sudden noise at the entrance of the cave now awoke the horror-ſtricken youth,

youth, who was pleased to find himself once more free from the terrific powers of imagination.—But alas! he awoke to terrors of a different description, and attended with more immediate danger; for he again recognized the voice of his pursuers.

"This is a dreadful night," said one; "here Lavert, give us another drop of the cordial." "How it pours!" said another: where shall we find shelter in this barren waste?"

"Here," said a third, "I have discovered a hollow in this rock; let us enter, and strike a fire; I've got some tinder, and do you collect some heath."

Allan now imagined his fate was inevitable:

evitable: he, however, as they entered, retired considerably further into the friendly recess; but alas! the solid rock soon opposed his progress: he now patiently waited his fate, confident that the cavern, to whose sheltering roof he thought himself so much indebted, would soon be his sepulchre: yet he comforted himself with this sad reflection, "Better to meet the arm of death at once, than linger out perhaps long years of hopeless wretchedness."

The flint was now struck, the tinder was applied to the heath, and by its momentary flashes, he saw the horrors which surrounded him; the scowling looks of truculent pursuers, the impending fragments of the rocks, all appeared truly appalling through the medium of

the

the pale and sickly light, which afforded the glimmering prospect. Having cautiously stationed himself behind a ridge which projected into the cavern, he sat scarcely daring to breathe, half suffocated with the smoke produced by the wet heath and ferns which composed their fire: in the intermission of the storm, at intervals, he heard words calculated to add to the horrors of his dismal situation.

"What a confounded chase this fellow has led us!" said one; "I warrant you, however, he is not far off, and I am half inclined to think that he has got among the monks at the monastery."

"If so he is safe," exclaimed another; "God

"God forbid we should do him any harm *there!* (and devoutly crossed himself;) but if we had him here, it would be quite another thing."

So often do we perceive the real interests of religion neglected, and its most sacred ordinances violated, whilst its external decorations are treated with veneration and respect.

"Yes," said the savage chief of this sanguinary band, "if we had him here, this (drawing his dagger) would soon be in his heart, and I'd warrant you he'd never dream of his lady Ella again." At that beloved name an involuntary sigh escaped from the bosom of Allan; the assassins started, each exclaiming, "What noise was that? did you not hear it?"

"'Tis the wind whistling through the cavern," said another; "or, perhaps, a fox in his earth that disturbs you."

"I'm convinced 'twas something more than that," said the ruffian who appeared to be their chief, "and I shall try——" At that moment a gust of wind, attended by a torrent of rain, burst in upon them; he dropped the tinder, the fire was extinguished, and they were left in utter darkness.

"Look for the tinder," said their ferocious leader.—His order was obeyed, but to no purpose; it was not to be found: "And even if it was," said one of the gang, "the rain must have rendered it useless." A hollow blaft now crept along the cave, and they all seemed

ed satisfied that what they lately heard was the effect of the murmuring wind.

"We must not stay shivering here all night," said their chief; "though we have made an unsuccessful excursion, yet we must make up a probable story for Tyrone, and assure him that his enemy is no more: let us therefore direct our course towards the castle."—They obeyed, and Allan had soon the pleasure of hearing the sounding hoofs of their departing horses.

The storm still raged with violence, and Allan having crept from his lurking-place, sat at the outer edge of the cave, waiting with impatience for the first dawn of the morning. His dismal retreat became irksome to him, and yet

he did not wish to commit himself a solitary wanderer on the desolate heath, lest he should encounter once more the dangers of a proximity to his merciless pursuers. As he groped around, his foot struck against a substance, which, on examination, he found to be the remnant of a loaf left by the assassins; he also found a bottle containing some spirituous liquor: and welcome, truly welcome, were the offerings of chance to the imperious wants of Allan; for his limbs were benumbed with cold, and he had been hours without any refreshment; nature was nearly exhausted by the unusual privation, accustomed as he had been to the board of festivity, and the blessings of anticipating care.

The storm now abated, and as the murky

murky shades of night withdrew, the faint streaks of the morning shed a sickly ray through the heavy mists that still loitered on the hills, and the gloomy range of clouds which invested the firmament: he thought it a favourable hour for his departure, being a glimmering medium between light and darkness. Having therefore taken a farewell view of his dismal though friendly retreat, he issued forth the child of chance, and traversed the wild brow of the mountain, not knowing where to seek for an asylum.

By degrees the lingering shades of night totally disappeared; and the rosy hours succeeding, drew back the crimson curtains of the East. After the torrents of rain which had so lately descended,

scended, the paths were deep and wearisome; though the atmosphere, relieved from such a weight of incumbent waters, was clear, and the blue firmament shone with a brighter azure through a few scattered clouds which still floated on the surface of the spacious concave. He now perceived the turrets of the monastery of Morne; and at a little distance, on a lordly eminence, the castle of Dromore. In the interval was a beautiful valley, which he could not survey without emotion; his dream, and the words, "those fields are thine!" recurred to his mind with attendant conjectures.—"Alas!" he exclaimed, "fallacious fancy! how dost thou delight to cheat us with thy golden visions, that we may be released from thy silken fetters, only to wear the shackles of real calamity, and to feel its sting

sting more poignantly, when contrasted with those phantoms of bliss which lately had beguiled us!"—Such were the ejaculations of the outcast of Glanville, as he turned with melancholy steps towards the monastery of Morne.

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